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Malcolm Muggeridge on Eden

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The Right Reply to Bulganin

AT reasonable odds one might bet that Marshal Bulganin's second letter to Eisenhower was drafted by Donald Maclean. It was courteous and reasonable, made valid points, and was phrased with an understanding of western opinion. Bulganin's first letter could be plausibly set aside on the plea that it was deliberately timed to confuse the Anglo-American talks. No such case could be made for rejecting the second letter as if it were a dirty postcard. No wonder the *Washington Star* complained that it had been greeted by a chorus of condemnation before "the ink was dry on the translation," and that, in such matters as American bases, it would be reasonable for Americans to be willing to believe "that the Russians are just as apprehensive as we would be if the situation were reversed." Could it be sensible for America to present itself to the non-committed world as if it rejected an offer of friendship and had no counter-proposals to offer? Mr. Adlai Stevenson roundly said that the situation in the West had recently deteriorated, and that: "While we brag about massive retaliation and atomic intimidation, Russia talks of peace, of trade, of friendship, of economic development and the things the sensitive, suspicious, hungry Asians want to hear."

Perhaps the White House needs to employ for its diplomatic documents a Soviet draughtsman to understand the vulnerable points in Russia's position and the strong case that can be properly urged for the West. A Russian Maclean in Washington could find plenty to say.

Welcoming Moscow's offer to discuss positive problems, not merely to rely on the generalities of the United Nations, a constructive western reply would point out that, as a matter of verifiable fact, western colonialism has ceased to be the purely predatory affair that Lenin analysed. It would quote the contributions, far larger than any that can be expected in the near future from Russia, that have been made (recently without strings) towards raising the standard of living in countries which are in fact no longer politically dominated by western imperialism. It would frankly admit the failure of the West in colonies like Malaya and welcome the possibility of Soviet collaboration in ending this and other unfortunate situations in which the Communists have resorted to violence in overseas territories. It would recall the great achievements of non-Communist methods in India and Burma, which were so generously acknowledged by Bulganin and Krushchev on their recent visit. It would quote last week's Report of E.C.A.F.E. (Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East), which showed that there has been a steady improvement of living standards in those Asian countries which have not been affected by war. (The exceptions are, of course, Vietnam, Korea and Formosa.)

The same document might then call attention to the weakest point in Bulganin's letter. Frankly admitting the genuine difficulties which confront Russia as well as the West over disarmament and the future of Germany, it might well point out that Russia's proposal before the last Geneva conference for closer intellectual and cultural ties has not been followed up. On this point Moscow should be put on the defensive. It was Molotov, not the western ministers, at Geneva who negatived proposals for cultural exchange. Though visas are now often granted to western journalists, dramatic performances occasionally exchanged, and Mr. Molotov or one of his colleagues sometimes persuaded to grant a press interview, it is not America or Britain, but Russia, which restricts the free movement of *individuals*, as opposed to *delegations*, within their territory.

Having courteously but firmly made such points as these, our hypothetical reply to Moscow could not stop there. It would have to advance positive proposals, agreed by Britain and America, about Formosa, Germany, the Middle East and disarmament. We need a western plan for peace.

Comments on the Week's News

Breakdown in Malta?

Mr. Lennox-Boyd's announcement in the Commons last Wednesday, that Britain would take no action in Malta to prejudice the position of the Roman Catholic Church, represented the furthest that the government can be expected to go in guaranteeing the present religious structure. It has not, unfortunately, satisfied the Maltese hierarchy. Indeed, from a reasonable request for guarantees, which the Archbishop made in his pastoral letter, the church has now passed to outright opposition to the referendum. Why this change of front? There is no evidence that the Vatican—whose tone was moderate throughout the early stages of the negotiations—has raised its terms. It seems far more likely that the Archbishop has been stampeded by the militant rank-and-file of the clergy who have already, as we reported last week, begun to campaign actively for abstention. As a result, the referendum is rapidly developing into a straight fight between the church and the Maltese Labour Party. At this stage, it is difficult to see what further action the British government can take. Indeed, it now seems clear that the church is not really interested in guarantees from London: its real fears spring from the belief that the M.L.P. is anti-clerical and that its real wish is to have entrenched clauses written into the new agreements. The irony is that by fighting the referendum the church is inevitably increasing anti-clericalism; it also appears to be taking sides in a purely political battle. The Nationalists have never stood a chance of winning a majority vote against the proposals, and their only hope of preventing integration has been to persuade a majority to abstain. Now, with the full weight of the church against a positive vote, there is a chance that they will succeed. The consequences could be extremely serious. Mr. Mintoff has already announced that he will resign if integration falls through. This would certainly provoke a full-scale constitutional crisis, in an atmosphere already poisoned by the introduction of the religious issue. The church's position in Malta, though a strong one, has always been based on compromise, and it has nothing to gain by provoking a breakdown at this crucial moment. If Malta is not to become a victim to the religious warfare which has envenomed political life in so many other southern European states, the Archbishop must immediately issue an unequivocal statement withdrawing the church's opposition and advising electors to vote on the real issue.

Apartheid in the Union

Further evidence that South African Nationalists place race before economics is shown in the Industrial Conciliation Bill debated in Cape Town last week. Under this new Bill no further mixed unions can be formed and those at present existing may be racially divided if a majority of their members desire it. The Minister of Labour, Senator de Klerk, the Prime Minister's brother-in-law, will be empowered to decide the types of work which can be allocated to Europeans and Non-Europeans, and an authoritarian industrial tribunal will be set up. The Bill is opposed both by the largest trade union organisations and by the majority employers' associations. The object is clearly to divide the trade union movement on racial grounds, thus profoundly weakening its influence, and to prevent the mixing of workers in industry. Trade unionists are defending the basic principles of their movement, whilst employers are anxious to prevent the increased inefficiency of their labour force which segregation inevitably promotes. The government, on the other hand, is obviously more concerned with its segregation ideology than with economic efficiency. Unfortunately the trade union movement is already fatally split between those unions which will admit Non-Europeans and those which maintain an all-White membership. This new Bill may well employ racial ideology to sound the death-knell of all significant trade union organisation. Meanwhile the search for complete political segregation continues. On Monday next the two houses of parliament will meet in joint session to consider a Bill which will both remove the Cape Coloured voters from the electoral roll and abolish the right of the courts to test the constitutional legality of parliamentary acts.

Riot in Tuscaloosa

The mob protest against the admission of a Negro girl to the University of Alabama has been temporarily successful. Miss Autherine Lucy, who had won a long court battle to become the first Negro to enter the university, was greeted by mob violence when she tried to attend classes. Not all the demonstrators were students: there is some evidence, indeed, that the leaders of the mob came from outside to make this a "test case" of popular opinion against the Supreme Court. The police authorities gave Miss Lucy some protection, but it was impossible to prevent a really violent outbreak without calling in the National Guard. Rather than put the campus under a state of seige, the trustees have now decided—solely, they say, on grounds of public order—to exclude Miss Lucy from classes. This may be the only way to avoid serious trouble, but this victory will undoubtedly encourage defiance elsewhere in the South. And what will happen if Miss Lucy now seeks and secures a court order instructing the trustees to revoke their present decision? Will the governor be required to send a company of the National Guard to escort and protect her? The precedent in this case will be important, for, as Mr. Douglas Jay shows on a later page, cases of this kind are going to develop throughout the South.

The Balloons Go Up

The Communist countries are able to block much of the radio propaganda by the West, and by "free-lance" anti-Communist exiles—though jamming varies in intensity and success from one area to another. In some parts of Eastern Europe, moreover, it is an offence to listen to foreign broadcasts, but in others it is tolerated and there is open discussion of news and features transmitted from outside. This jamming is the excuse for the balloon campaign, against which the Russians and Czechs have now formally protested. More than 250 million leaflets have been dropped in Eastern Europe in the last two years, most of them containing news and propaganda, but some inciting economic sabotage. Geography and the prevailing winds permit the West to jump the Iron Curtain in this way, just as they prevent the Communists using this method to introduce their material into countries where it is banned. The Soviet objection, however, is nominally directed at the physical damage done by this "invasion of air space," not at its political effects, which are certainly damaging in a different sense. (The claim that balloons are being used for photographic espionage seems to be an exaggerated conclusion from the discovery of weather balloons—though the radioed information about weather conditions may have some value for Nato air forces.) Soviet pressure may succeed in cutting down the number of these "freedom flights"—moderate opinion in the West would repudiate some of the propaganda dropped in this way by exile groups—but so long as there is no freer interchange of news and comment, the cold war will be a continuation of politics by such means.

A New Kind of Wage Bargain

The Swedes have taken this week an unprecedented step in wage-determination. The central employers' organisation has reached agreement with the separate central organisations of wage- and salary-earners for a uniform advance of 4 per cent., the increased rates to remain in force for a year. The trade unions originally asked for 7 per cent., whereas the employers proposed no advance, but only a stabilisation of the existing level. Negotiations broke down, but were resumed after a mediation committee had been appointed. This too broke down; but a second effort was successful in bridging the gap. Sweden, like many other countries, is troubled by an inflationary tendency: the cost of living, after a period of near stability, rose fairly sharply last year. The employers argued that any compensating wage or salary advance was bound to have an inflationary effect, whereas the workers' organisations insisted on a rise that would approximately meet the current increase in living costs, but did not stand out for a higher advance in anticipation of further price movements. This general bargain, wholly unrelated to the varying capacity of different industries to meet higher costs, would hardly be possible save in a country where both employers' organisations and trade unions are very highly centralised. In Britain, neither the Employers' Confederation nor the T.U.C. could bind their affiliates to such a bargain, even if they wished to do so.

Pensions for Public Servants

Inflation has borne hardly upon people drawing pensions for civil or military service, and successive governments have been unwilling to bring these pensions into line with rising living costs. Some small increases—coupled with a means test on total income—have been given on four occasions since 1944, but the Treasury has always tried to stand on the rule that pensions for public service cannot be altered after they have been awarded. This narrow interpretation has naturally led to both anomalies and hardship: where pensions are calculated partly on years of service and partly on retiring income, a civil servant's pension will depend on the year in which he retired. Thus pensioners of the same grade and same length of service may draw different pensions. This will still be true, though the increases granted by the new Bill will mitigate some of the hardship. If the government chose to equalise pensions, without regard to the date of retirement, the new Bill would cost £22 millions a year, as against the £11 millions required by this half-measure. But, if it were generous, the government would at least be making an intelligible rule for future adjustments. Its present decision is simply an arbitrary increase, given grudgingly because the pensioners' case is too strong to ignore.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Retreat of Guy Mollet

Our Paris Correspondent writes: After only a week in office the Mollet government is lurching towards disaster. Mollet's original plan for dealing with Algeria—to make an immediate personal visit, in company with a resident-minister, and formulate policy on the spot—was suggested by Mendès-France, and had the distinctive stamp of Mendèsiste *brio*. Unfortunately, almost immediately after he had outlined it in his investiture speech, Mollet began to make concessions. He is an experienced party politician, a brilliant stage-manager of party conferences, and an old hand at manœuvring in the *couloirs*. He has, however, practically no governmental experience, and has yet to realize that concessions—above all in dealing with North African problems—invariably stiffen the demands of the French right. His first concession, as it happens, was symbolic. The *Journal Officiel*, on his instructions, published General Catroux's title as *Ministre-Résident en Algerie*. On protests from Algiers, Mollet removed the hyphen—a significant change. Next came a concession in timing. Mollet's original plan was to leave for Algiers in company with Catroux last Friday. On receiving reports that a manifestation was being prepared for Catroux's arrival, he decided to postpone his departure until Monday and to travel alone—on the naïve assumption that he could exercise the same powers of persuasion on Algerian *colons* that he uses so successfully with Socialist delegates! When Mendès-France heard of the change of plan he immediately paid a visit to Mollet and urged on him the folly of such a delay. He pointed out that the Poujadistes had been planning a major riot in Paris to mark the anniversary of the Fascist riots of February 6, 1934; that the plan had been abandoned when it was learnt that the left would stage a counter-demonstration; and that M. Poujade had since decided to transfer his shock troops to Algiers. A three-day delay, Mendès-France said, would give the extremists ample time to complete their preparations. Mollet rejected the advice. A delay, he remarked fatuously, "would allow tempers to cool down."

The events of Monday amply confirmed Mendès-France's warning. The riots were organised by two Poujadiste deputies and the newly formed Poujadiste militia. They were the first Fascist demonstrations since the war and they met with unqualified success. The part Mollet played was a lamentable one. Before he left, the cabinet had decided, unanimously, not to accept Catroux's resignation under pressure. Yet, when Mollet left for Algiers, he carried Catroux's letter of resignation with him: in other words, despite the cabinet directive, he had decided to make up his mind on the spot. After the riots, shaken and frightened, he immediately telephoned to Paris and told Catroux his resignation had been accepted. The official "leak"—that Coty himself had persuaded Mollet to accept—is thus false. Mendès-France and the other ministers, it appears, were not consulted and learnt of the resignation second-hand. It is difficult to find parallels for Mollet's behaviour, even in the sordid record of M. Faure.

Catroux's resignation has certainly encouraged the settlers. Worse still, it has destroyed any faith which the Algerians may have had in the new government's intentions. If the National Liberation Committee now refuses to negotiate, and the fighting is resumed on an increased scale, it will no longer be confined to Algeria. M. Bourguiba, who is now in Paris, pointed out to Mendès-France last week that he is under increasing pressure from his rank-and-file to allow demonstrations of Tunisian solidarity with the Algerians. Similar warnings have been received from Si Bekkai in Morocco. Not only the present relative calm in Algeria but the delicate settlements in the two other dependencies will be jeopardised if Mollet pursues his policy of capitulation.

Westminster

Tyranny of Words

It shows how far one can sink beneath what Hugh Gaitskell calls the "tyranny of words" that I listened to the House of Commons discussing agricultural units for half an hour before I realised that what was meant was farms. It took me even longer to realise that Conservatives—whose campaign against "narks," "snoopers" and "informers" under the Labour government is still freshly remembered—are now proposing to spend some £70,000 on an inspectorate to enforce safety regulations on farmers; and I still have not fully absorbed the fact that the Agriculture (Safety, Health and Welfare Provisions) Bill, which will allow the central government to wield enormous but undefined powers over individuals by delegated legislation, is receiving the united support of the Liberal Party.

If, however, one can forget the words that prejudice or prevent thought, one can see that what the House of Commons is doing is sense. Agriculture, with its 360,000 farms and 750,000 workers, is one of Britain's biggest industries. In recent years it has been rapidly mechanised and modernised. Between 1949 and 1955, for example, more than £300,000,000 worth of machinery has been installed and some 70,000 more farms have been electrified. Yet despite the dangers that such modernisation brings, about the only steps taken by parliament to prevent farm accidents have been the Threshing Machines Act of 1878 and the Chaff Cutting Machines (Accidents) Act of 1897.

Listening to the debate, however, I began to realise that machinery was not the worst of the dangers which a farm worker has to face. Sir Leslie Plummer suggested that the most lethal weapon on a farm was the ordinary ladder which tends to slip just as a climber reaches the top. Sidney Dye said that firearms were even worse, and told the tragic story of the farmer's son who was killed recently when a shotgun, placed on a combine to deal with rabbits, fired itself. Mr. Whitelaw said that bulls were worst of all. It staggered me that in all these years parliament has never thought to decree that bulls shall not be put in an unfenced field, that no one, on his own, shall go into a box where a bull is untied, that loaded firearms shall not be carried on moving vehicles or that non-slip ladders shall be compulsory. This new Bill gives the government powers to enforce such things, with the help of a new corps of inspectors, and everyone in the House said that it was about time, too.

Even the delegated legislation seems sense. Because of variations in size and locality, conditions on farms vary greatly, so that what would be proper on one farm would be downright foolish on another. There would, for example, be little point in compelling a farmer to build a water closet for his workers when there was no piped water supply. So parliament gives general powers to the government and will harry it on detail. Then take the question of children. Many of us remember the times we spent on farms as the happiest of our childhood. As Mrs. Emmet, among many others, said, no one would want to stop children from riding on the haycarts at harvest time and getting into themselves the feel of and love for a farm. Yet I myself remember a pitchfork being driven into a child's eye as he hid beneath the hay; and though, last year, only twenty children were actually killed on farms (compared with the 703 killed in the home), twenty, even one, is a lot. A clause in a Bill cannot easily deal with this problem. You have to deal with it by a regulation which, as Mr. Heathcoat Amory suggested, might well allow children to continue riding on the wagon or trailer while forbidding them to ride on the tractor or the link between. The only danger about this proposed delegated legislation is that it is permissive, that despite the Bill, the government could continue to do little or nothing if it chose; and that would be a serious thing for an industry in which deaths from machinery and electricity alone are running at 150 a year and in which non-fatal accidents are many times higher. I can only hope that Conservatives will not be tyrannised by the prejudice they have imparted in recent years to such words as "inspector" and "control."

I hope that Labour, too, will shake off a similar tyranny. Despite the fact that we have just elected as leader of the party a man who not only went to Winchester but got a first class at Oxford, the old prejudice has boiled up against intellectuals, whom Charles Pannell recently described as men whose intellect had outrun their experience—presumably in contrast to men who have had experience but have not had the intellectual equipment to benefit from it. Now we are getting a spate of sporting and public school metaphors—like "playing with the team." This phrase carries with it the assumption that the only "team" is the Parliamentary Labour Party, that the Labour rank-and-file are only spectators and that "playing" consists in leaning up against the scrum without bothering to push. More and more we have the tendency to use stock phrases as an alternative to thought and to think that expressing a sentiment is the same as acting on it.

The tyranny of words. . . . "We must re-think our Socialist policies. . . . We do not favour nationalisation for nationalisation's sake." Of course, we must re-think our Socialist policies. We might well begin by re-thinking our policy about the accountability to parliament of the nationalised industries and the means by which we can bring real democracy, a feeling of "weness" to industry, not merely among those who work in a particular industry but also among those who consume its products. We should be continually rethinking everything—from the composition of the M.C.C. cricket team to the leadership of political parties. The phrase is a platitude, but its continual repetition begins to give the impression that we have lost faith in principles. As for nationalisation, what on earth is meant by nationalisation for nationalisation's sake? Who ever believed that even if all the coal mines in the country were shut it would be all right provided they were nationalised. Nationalisation has always been a means to an end—to the end of equality, of more dignified living, of greater efficiency. It has always been an instrument and never an end; and the continual repetition of this tyrannical phrase aids only those who oppose nationalisation in principle.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The New Statesman and Nation, February 11, 1956

Mr. Bevan's Broadside

THOSE who have most wanted to see Mr. Bevan lead the Labour Party must have been the most dismayed by the casual—and, it appears, partly unpremeditated—insouciance with which he chucked away at Manchester so many of the assets he has been carefully accumulating inside the Parliamentary Labour Party. Timing and tactics have never been Mr. Bevan's strong point. His strength—one of his marks of genius—is that, however embarrassing his speeches may be in form, they almost always raise in sharp polemical terms the crucial political issues. Last week-end's effort was no exception.

The speech, which was inadequately reported except by the *Manchester Guardian*, fell broadly into three sections. The first was a carefully constructed criticism, pertinent and by no means unfair, of the attitude adopted towards Mr. Bevan himself by the *Guardian*. The second was a somewhat infelicitous attack (partly occasioned, it seems, by interjections from his audience) on those in the Labour leadership whose view of socialism, in Mr. Bevan's opinion, owes more to economics and expediency than to moral fervour and working-class solidarity. This passage, which has attracted a great deal of unfavourable attention from the press, contains valid points; but it would certainly have been better not delivered a bare two days after Mr. Bevan had emerged unsuccessfully from a close contest for the deputy leadership. The central theme of the speech, however—absolutely consistent with the main stream of Mr. Bevan's political thought—was his carefully prepared criticism of the working of the Labour Party machine and the trend towards a kind of bureaucratic centralism in the party.

This is the section of the speech which challenges the Labour Party establishment on a real issue. Nor can anybody justly taunt Mr. Bevan at this point with spitting out sour grapes. Over a period he has consistently developed the theme that the secrecy in which decisions are reached by the Parliamentary Labour Party and local Labour groups, coupled with the discipline under which they are enforced, constitute a fundamental threat to representative democracy both in parliament and in local government. Let Mr. Bevan speak for himself:

> He said he had nothing against M.P.s consulting together in private, but to enforce upon them policies, votes and conduct arrived at behind locked doors was basically antagonistic to democratic principles of any sort. The same thing was happening to a great extent in the local authorities. The council chamber was being reduced to a farce, and the caucus was getting more powerful than the electors.
>
> "I know these are words that are going to get me into trouble, but I am not a Communist. I am a democratic socialist." The only way we could use democratic institutions to transform society was to keep them healthy and active. "The trouble with the movement is that decisions are being reached on top and imposed on the bottom.—*Manchester Guardian*, February 6.

Here is one of the greatest dangers which the British Labour movement is facing, and no thoughtful socialist can afford to ignore Mr. Bevan's warning. By coincidence, R. H. S. Crossman—writing from a very different point of view in a new Fabian tract published this week—makes a similar point:

> Their [the political parties'] constitutions and procedures have become essential parts of the unwritten British constitution; and the way they conduct their business vitally affects the health of our democracy.

There are, in fact, two dangers. The first is that the Labour Party will become identified in the public mind as a party of block votes, block discipline and block thought. The suspicion that this may be the case has already cost the support of too many of the young, the radical, the individualists and the non-conformers. The second is that the function of parliament itself, which should be to harness and control the great concentrations of power outside, will gradually become perverted by the demands of a self-perpetuating party oligarchy. Party machines which maintain themselves by secrecy and tyranny are ineffective as guardians of the public interest against similarly oligarchic institutions outside parliament: it is simpler, quicker, safer, tidier to come to terms.

It is irrelevant that, in raising his voice once again against this insidious danger, Mr. Bevan is picking on a system which has, in fact, worked to create the present Labour leadership. The point is that he is saying something which the party at all levels must heed. Now that the struggle for leadership has ended, it is no longer enough to dismiss what Mr. Bevan says as intrigue merely because he says it. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Griffiths are placed securely in the saddle. It follows therefore that Mr. Bevan's criticisms have lost much of their purely tactical significance. They must be answered now for their serious political content; and it is no adequate answer to sneer at Mr. Bevan for his proletarian frankness or, as some of his critics have done, to chide him for the disruptive quality of his oratory.

Dr. Mossadeq's Ghost

AMID the general debris of the Washington Conference, one piece of wreckage deserves particular attention: the breakdown of Anglo-American policy in Saudi-Arabia. On this point, at least, Britain made every effort to press its case. Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, head of the Foreign Office Middle East department, spent two weeks in Washington before the conference began. He brought with him documentary evidence that Saudi-Arabian bribes had been used to foment opposition to the Baghdad Pact in Jordan. He proved that Saudi funds were regularly used to finance anti-Western elements in Syria and Lebanon; that Saudi money had, in part, paid for the first shipment of Russian arms to Egypt; and that the Saudis had spent over £20m. in creating local opposition to the British-protected Sultan of Muscat. He reminded the Americans that these activities were financed by oil royalties paid by the American-controlled Aramco; and that Aramco had allowed the Saudis to draw royalties *in advance* to the extent of $500m. All he asked was that America, through Aramco, should exercise some financial pressure on the Saudi-Arabian Government. But Mr. Shuckburgh's arguments, it appears, made no impression. Nor, seemingly, did the strong statement of the British case which Sir Anthony Eden made last week. The final communiqué of the conference confined itself to the laconic statement that "we believe these differences can be resolved through friendly discussions." In other words, absolute deadlock. Yet the American Government does not deny the substance of the British charges. Why, then, does it refuse to act?

On the surface the dispute is largely cartographical. Saudi-Arabia's border with the British-protected Persian Gulf states has never been satisfactorily defined. Maps published by Aramco include within Saudi-Arabia the whole of the Arabian "horn," with the exception of a narrow coastal strip. British maps place Oman, from Dhofar on the south coast to Buraimi in the north, within the territory of the Sultan of Muscat. Indeed, under the 1951 treaty of friendship, we recognise him as Sultan of Muscat *and* Oman. In fact, however, the Sultanate lost control of the interior in 1913, when the tribes, under the Imman of Oman, revolted and subsequently turned to the Saudis for protection. The area remained effectively under Saudi protection until 1953, when the Imman died. His young and inexperienced successor appears to have maintained his authority over the tribes only by means of ever-increasing Saudi subsidies. Meanwhile, the Sultan, by means of the British-maintained Muscat Field Force, began to probe into the interior. In 1954, the Foreign Office decided to make a test case of Buraimi, the oasis through which the Imman received Saudi funds. The dispute was submitted to an international tribunal in Geneva, and when arbitration broke down last October, the Sultan's troops occupied the oasis. Without Buraimi, the collapse of the Imman was only a matter of time, and last December the Field Force reconquered the whole of Oman in a brief and bloodless campaign.

This is the political history of recent years. Behind it, however, lies the struggle for oil. In the battle for Middle-Eastern oil, Britain has been steadily losing ground. Since 1939, America's share of oil production has increased from 13 to 65 per cent., whilst Britain's has fallen from 60 to 30 per cent. American companies control 50 per cent. of output in Kuwait (1955 production 54.8m. tons), 100 per cent. in Arabia (47.6m.), 20 per cent. in Persia (16m.), and 23.75 per cent. in Iraq (33.7m.). Against this, British companies have only minority holdings in the Persian and Iraq fields and a 50 per cent. interest in Kuwait. Nevertheless, despite past rivalries, the respective interests of the various companies have now been clearly and amicably defined throughout the actual oil-bearing regions—the narrow strip which begins in Kirkuk and stretches southward to Qatar. Where confusion begins is south of Qatar—that is, in the Arabian "horn." Nobody yet knows if the oil belt stretches this far south. Petroleum Development Company (Trucial), in which Britain has a 23.75 per cent. interest, has drilled in three places on the Trucial Coast without success. City Services, an American company, has also met with negative results in Dhofar. But geologists still believe there is oil somewhere in the area; and the most likely place is now thought to be Fahud, on the edge of the Oman desert. P.D.C. (Oman), which has the same share-structure as the British-managed Iraq Petroleum Company, has for some time held a concession in this area from the Sultan of Muscat. But the company, which plans to link Fahud to the Muscat Coast by a motor road, was unwilling to start operations until the Sultan had reasserted his authority over the mountainous area between Fahud and the sea, then controlled by the Imman. The removal of the Imman was thus a necessary prelude to beginning operations. Indeed, it was as a result of pressure from British oil interests that the Foreign Office finally set in motion the train of events which led to the

Imman's expulsion. This month, five weeks after Nazwa, his capital, surrendered, P.D.C. began drilling.

Saudi-Arabia's reaction to the high-handed manner in which Britain and the Sultan settled the dispute has been to step up its anti-British activities throughout the Middle East. But the State Department has made no official protest; nor has Aramco, though in theory it claims to hold a concession in this area. The explanation, of course, is that there is no direct conflict between British and American oil companies. The oil structure of the Middle East is a fine mesh of interlocking interests. It is, in fact, incorrect to speak of "British" companies, since in all of them the share structure contains a large American element. Standard Oil of New Jersey, for instance, which has a 30 per cent. interest in Aramco, also hold 23.75 per cent. of the shares in P.D.C. (Oman). Moreover, the oil companies are well aware that they have everything to gain by co-operating. The success of the international consortium in Persia, which increased production from 3m. to 16m. tons last year, and may exceed the pre-dispute level of 37.2m. this year, has been an object lesson to British and Americans alike. The Americans, too, realise that the results of Saudi dabbling in oil politics can be dangerous. They know that the Saudis are encouraging the Lebanese in their current demand that I.P.C. increase its annual pipe-line payments from £3.5m. to £28m., and that inflation in pipe-line charges is bound, sooner or later, to affect themselves.

All this makes the Anglo-American dispute seem more and more mysterious. Yet the explanation is relatively simple. Although Aramco provides Saudi-Arabia with 95 per cent. of its revenues, it is in no position to bring pressure on the Saudi government, whatever its own wishes. Since the death of Ibn Saud in 1953, Aramco's position has become progressively more insecure. The old, easy-going regime has been replaced by a zenophobic religious reaction. The young King Saud is completely dominated by his anti-western uncles and Jamal Husaini, cousin of the Grand Mufti. Muslim law is now enforced in all its severity, and Aramco executives—their wives even more so—lead a fantastically restricted existence. They are terrified of another Abadan, and they compare their position to that of Anglo-Iranian in the days following General Razmara's assassination. In short, they are haunted by the ghost of Dr. Mossadeq. Believing, as they do, that the Saudis are capable of any folly, they simply dare not risk a showdown. The stakes, they say, are too high: Saudi-Arabia is now known to possess 10 per cent.—and possibly more—of the world's proven oil reserves. Hence they are prepared to go on financing Saudi trouble-making and even—as has happened on two occasions—to provide transport for Saudi troop movements. The U.S. administration is not prepared to put pressure on Aramco. Even if it did not share Aramco's fears—which it most emphatically does—it would, in any case, be unwilling in an election year to antagonise a company controlled by the four biggest oil corporations in the United States. More than this, the State Department dreads the international complications which would follow an oil dispute. The lease of the giant U.S. air base at Dhahran ends this year and must, at all costs, be renewed. Russia is now effectively a Middle-Eastern power and the Saudi's are gleefully aware of the extent to which this strengthens their hand. If Aramco tightens the purse-strings they are quite prepared to play the Russian card and bring the whole of America's Middle East strategy crashing down in ruins.

Hence the deadlock. There is, nevertheless, a way out. The question is whether the British are prepared to take it. If it came to the point, the oil companies—even at the risk of some loss of revenue—could bring the Saudis to their senses, provided the danger of an appeal to Russia were removed. But the danger, alas, will remain so long as the Middle East is divided. The Saudi-Arabian problem should thus be seen in its general Middle-Eastern context. So long as Britain bases her policy on the division of the Arab world she will always have potential enemies in the area. By creating a "northern tier," Britain has automatically created a "southern tier"—a series of states which will look to Russia for friendship. By exploiting the Hashemite-Saudi fued, Britain has enabled Russia to exploit it too. Only by reuniting the Arab states can Russian influence be excluded. Hence we are led back inevitably, to that supreme obstacle to Arab unity—which has now, paradoxically, become the keystone of Russian policy—the Baghdad Pact. So long as Britain clings to this obsolete relic of the cold war, there can be no settlement in Saudi-Arabia—or, indeed, anywhere else in the Middle East.

London Diary

In 1948, when the House of Commons decided on a free vote to suspend the death penalty for five years, I'm told by informed people that the scale was turned by a reference in Reginald Paget's speech to the views of Sir Alexander Paterson. Whereas Paterson had said, twenty years earlier, that execution was more humane than prolonged imprisonment, he was reported in 1948 as having been converted to abolition because prison conditions had so much improved. It looks as though a parallel situation may present itself if there is a free vote after the forthcoming Commons debate on Sidney Silverman's Bill.

Sir Ernest Gowers began his duties as Chairman of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment in this frame of mind:

> If I had been asked for my opinion, I should probably have said that I was in favour of the death penalty, and disposed to regard abolitionists as people whose hearts were bigger than their heads.

It is the attitude, surely, of a great many civilised persons, usually too busy to study the problem closely, who are nevertheless kept constantly aware that prolonged examination of it by seemingly well-informed people has shown the death penalty to be indispensable. Sir Ernest Gowers, who must by this time know more about the problem as it affects this country than any man living, has now made this declaration in a book to be published next month by Chatto & Windus (*A Life for a Life?*):

> Four years of close study of the subject gradually dispelled that feeling. In the end I became convinced that the abolitionists were right in their conclusions—though I could not agree with all their arguments—and that so far from the sentimental approach leading into their camp and the rational one into that of the supporters, it was the other way about.

His book is almost clinically objective. As I turned the last page, I felt that no one should ever again debate or vote upon this subject until he has read *A Life for a Life?* This time, one man might even tip the scale in the House of Lords.

* * *

No doubt it was because the *Evening Standard* was unable to get in touch with Mr. Cockburn last Monday (it complained that he was not on the telephone) that it so completely misunderstood the passage in his forthcoming autobiography about an incident in the Abdication story. Any mention of Lord Mountbatten goes to the head of *Evening Standard* writers; Lord Beaverbrook, it is well-known, would not forgive a failure to use any opportunity of throwing some dirt in that direction. Personally I found no difficulty in making contact on the 'phone with Mr. Cockburn. Neither of us were surprised that Mr. Strachey has forgotten an incident which Cockburn has no doubt characteristically embroidered. He made no suggestion, as the *Evening Standard* would have it, that Mountbatten was envisaging "a King's Party." Nothing of the sort occurred. What happened, as I know from my own experience, was that some people who were friends of Edward VIII were angry because the King was not allowed by the Cabinet to broadcast, and his side in his struggle with Baldwin was never publicly stated. The King himself always believed, as Lord Beaverbrook himself revealed in his famous broadcast, that he could "get away with a morganatic marriage." It was this that explains indirect attempts to find sympathetic channels in which to break the news that he intended in any case to marry. He believed that the public would stand by him and he would keep both Mrs. Simpson and the throne. Whether this was ever feasible no one will ever know. The point was never tested, because Baldwin compelled him to renounce either one or the other.

* * *

I daresay it's still true that there are too many societies dealing with specific aspects of what is called youth welfare. If so, it gets truer every day, as many a modern youth could tell you. So as I read the report by the council of King George's Jubilee Trust on "the influences affecting the upbringing of young people" (*Citizens of Tomorrow*, Odhams, 3s.) I began to doubt the final wisdom of its main proposal, namely that we should set up yet another "broadly-based national body" concerned to further some generally agreed principles about the welfare of young people. As I understand it, this wouldn't be merely a Youth Advisory Council suggesting what other bodies might do, but a much stronger body under the leadership of the Lord President of the Council, with the power to "initiate action." Co-ordination sounds fine, but the idea of an imposed uniformity in matters like work and play for children and adolescents set me thinking about Hitler, Mussolini, Wackford Squeers and the Jesuits—and about the time-honoured method of bringing the non-conforming bodies to heel by stopping their money.

* * *

Travellers' tales from Soviet Asia are not rare, but I seldom hear first-hand reports from foreigners who have been living in one of the Central Asian Republics. My information this time comes from a German who has been recently repatriated and whose account seems unusually objective, balanced and detailed. He and his friends went through times of extreme misery and deprivation during the war; at one time they came very near to death by starvation. But that, he adds, was not the fault of the Russians who were no better off themselves. The people of the town where he was living were, he says, friendly and

The Printing Dispute

We must once again ask the indulgence of readers and advertisers for any shortcomings and delays in this week's issue.

free from national or racial hostility; everyone was kind and sorry when he was able to leave the country. Officials, he said, were not arrogant; they were merely quite incapable of personal initiative. The dilatory vices of an over-blown bureaucracy were exasperating. Criticism of factory officials is encouraged; if, for instance, a worker complains of bad treatment or wasteful methods, he receives careful attention, and even if his point is not established, he is not victimised. Any attempt at retaliation by the factory superior gets the superior, not the worker, into trouble. Economic conditions are now, he said, reasonably good—at least as good as they were before the war. On the other hand, there are still shortages of almost everything; every now and then the market will be saturated with some manufactured article. He gives an example of a recent surfeit of very poor quality socks. They were brought up by ingenious local people, who then began in their own home to turn them into gloves which they sold in the streets.

* * *

My informant says that more is sold in the streets than in the shops. Most people are in one way or another doing some private business on the side. A man will save up and buy a car and drive his neighbours in it for a privately agreed sum. The police know all about this and get a rake-off. So it is, he says, with almost everything. Hospital treatment is free, but since there are always more people who need beds than there is accommodation, priority commonly goes to people who can afford to bribe officials. He gave as an example the case of a man who was in urgent need of an operation, and who got it done in time by giving the hospital some blankets from the store where he worked. The worst item in his story was that banditry is common. This is often reported in Soviet newspapers. Apparently it is thought dangerous to go out at night in the town wearing or carrying anything that is valuable or of good quality. My German acquaintance dwelt particularly on the immense success of the Soviet propaganda machine. People had not heard of Marconi and were really convinced that wireless had been invented by a Russian. Propaganda convinces Soviet citizens that goods of miserable quality are fine and that their living conditions are already the best in the world. He described the delighted astonishment of a Soviet citizen from Central Asia who saw Moscow for the first time and thought it the last word in modern efficiency and splendour, and his disillusion when he saw a smart Western city. One must add, however, that technically the Soviet Union is advancing by giant strides, so that its rulers have reason to hope to justify their own propaganda.

* * *

I have only one point to amend in Geoffrey Bocca's racy account in the *Sunday Express* of Lady Astor's antics in Moscow. No one had so much fun out of the visit as Bernard Shaw, who described it with immense gusto. He was naturally less embarrassed than Lord Astor, who was a sensible, considerate and well-mannered man. Mr. Bocca says that Nancy Astor cornered Litvinov and asked him whether "honestly" he would not "rather not have had a revolution at all." G.B.S. told me the story rather differently and, I think, more effectively. He put me into a chair and then leant over it wagging a long schoolmistressy forefinger. Nancy, he said, got him (I think he said Lunacharski, not Litvinov, but that's not important) into a chair like this and said "Tell me, honestly, don't you wish now *you had never made that revolution.*"

CRITIC

Chaos Regained

"Four men with the world to survey and a joint policy to create—and two and a half days to do it."—*Daily Express.*

My simian relation,
My anthropoid cousin,
How long did Creation
Labour and lumber?
Days beyond number
Or just half a dozen?

If the Creator
Works Mondays to Saturdays,
Dulles is greater;
For two and a half is
His measure—the laugh is
On Darwin, these latter days.

Of Chaos primeval
He seeks the revival;
Good is the evil
Of John Foster Dulles,
Whose iron portcullis
Is slammed on Survival.

O, Garden of Eden,
To Chaos reverting,
That dirge about Bredon
(So painfully charming)
Was not so alarming
As Dulles's flirting.

Like Hengist to Horsa
Or Swift to his Stella,
Like cup to the saucer
Or *pater* to *noster*,
Is Uncle John Foster
To Horrida Bella.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It seems that, following the United States pattern, minor roads are to have triangular signs bidding drivers to "yield right of way."

To direct a Briton to "yield" anything is to incite him to do the exact opposite. Why not "Give Way"?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (D. C. R. Pugh.)

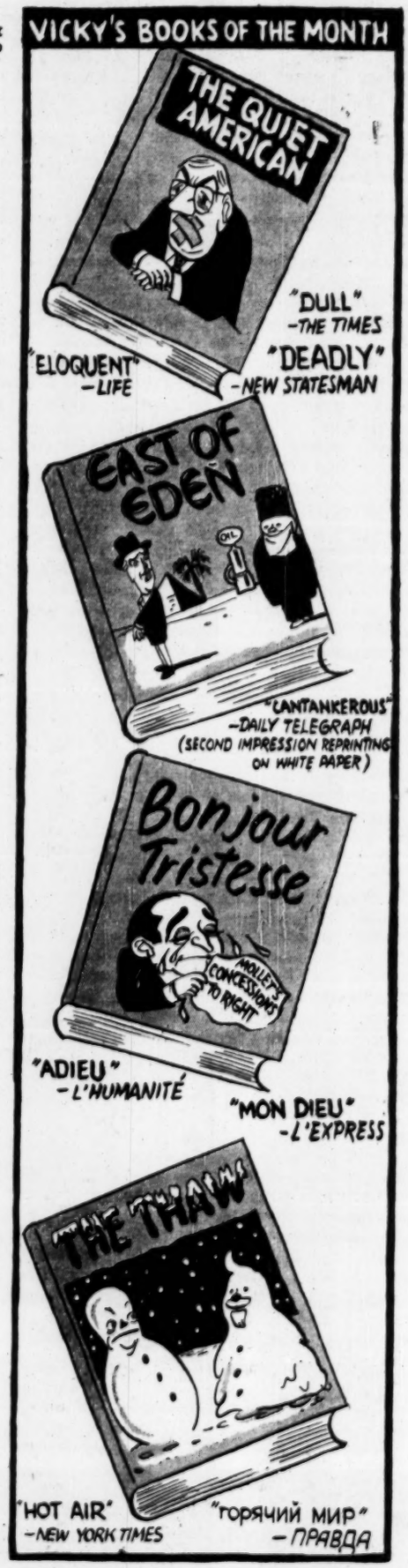
This is the question which started a classic inter-union dispute, held up 20 million dollars worth of shipping orders, put 500 men not concerned in the dispute out of work, and slowed the whole yard where 10,000 men are employed:

If holes in sheet metal must be drilled by metal workers, and holes in wood by woodworkers, who should drill holes in sheets of wood-and-metal?—*News Chronicle.* (B. B. Chaplin.)

The B.B.C. has stopped broadcasts of a record—because, although it has no words, it is the theme music of a film about drugs.—*News Chronicle.* (F. Flatter.)

. . . leaflets attached to balloons found in the London area and Kent on Thursday contained anti-Communist propaganda published by Hungarian exiles, and released in Europe in the hope that they would float behind the Iron Curtain. Similar balloons have been discovered in Jersey. The leaflets included photographs of Sir Winston Churchill and Grace Kelly, the film actress.—*Manchester Guardian.* (G. Parish.)

In a discussion with the title "The School as a Preparation for Society," it was a realistic stroke to open with an address by the Director of Prison Administration.—*Manchester Guardian.* (A. S.)



Boring For England

LEADERSHIP is always apt, even under universal suffrage. Government is seldom imposed, except for brief periods, and in politics there are never any Guilty Men. It is not by chance that a Baldwin or a Neville Chamberlain, an Attlee or a Roosevelt, or for that matter a Hitler or a Mussolini or a Stalin, emerge. Governors and governed seek and find a *modus vivendi*; the collectivity expect those set in authority over them to manifest, in a recognisable manner, the *zeitgeist* to which they belong. Otherwise they get rid of them.

Thus, today, we have in Sir Anthony Eden an eminently suitable prime minister, conveying, as he does so exactly in appearance and in personality, the benevolent intentions and earnest purposes whereby an almost extinct ruling class seeks to protract itself a little longer. His somehow slightly seedy good looks and attire, his ingratiating smile and gestures, the utter nothingness of what he has to say—does it not all provide an outward and visible manifestation of an inward and invisible loss of authority and self-confidence? Yes, it is entirely fitting that this tedious, serious Etonian, on whose lips are the last dying echoes of the late 19th-century concept of progress without tears, should have his moment in the middle of the turbulent and cruel 20th century. He is a Disraeli hero who has moved into a service flat, or perhaps a deep shelter; a Bertie Wooster who has turned from the Drones Club to Toynbee Hall. As has been truly said, he is not only a bore but he bores for England.

Why, then, does he arouse, particularly among some of his ostensible supporters, a frenzy of irritation, if not of positive dislike? After all, there are plenty of bores and nonentities among politicians of all parties. No one gets furious with Lord Woolton because he is not a dazzling conversationalist. Nor has a heavy hand in ladling out the spoken word prevented Lord Waverley or Lord Halifax from enjoying a reasonable measure of public esteem. Lord Alexander of Hillsborough is no Sidney Smith, and Mr. Griffith's oratory is more notable for sound and fury than for sense. Yet these, and many like them, patiently tread the political mill, receiving in due course their due reward.

The simple fact is that there is nothing in Sir Anthony either to admire or to abhor. He is just empty of content, like his television appearances in which a flow of banalities is presented in the persuasive manner of an ex-officer trying to sell one a fire extinguisher at the front door. His writings are the same. There is nothing wrong with them except that they are unreadable. One has to fight one's way through them; only dogged determination and a series of pauses to get one's breath for a fresh assault will carry one on to the end. When, as in the case of the recent Washington communiqués, President Eisenhower also takes a hand, with Mr. William Clark doubtless putting in the finishing touches, the result is a brew which makes Coco-Cola seem, by comparison, like Imperial Tokay.

Even so, quite a lot of Conservatives, particularly among his parliamentary and even ministerial colleagues, find it very hard to enthuse over Sir Anthony, and next to impossible to praise him. At best they put up with him. It was the same with Ramsay MacDonald during the second Labour government. Labour ministers and M.P.s for the most part just could not abide him, and at the same time they felt they had to endure him because he "had a large following in the country," because he "spoke with authority in the counsels of the nations," and so on—the self-same reasons, in fact, which induce Conservative M.P.s to endure Sir Anthony. If there had been a Gallup poll when MacDonald was a Labour prime minister it would have shown, I am sure, as overwhelming a majority in favour of his leadership among the Labour Party rank-and-file as it has lately shown in favour of Sir Anthony's among rank-and-file Conservatives.

The two men—MacDonald and Sir Anthony—have, as a matter of fact, a great deal in common, down to the small but significant detail of frequently referring to us, the public, as "my friends." In the United States MacDonald was greatly esteemed, and so, it is said, is Sir Anthony today. Again, MacDonald had no more idea of how to deal with unemployment, the chief domestic problem confronting his government, than Sir Anthony has of how to deal with inflation, which is the chief domestic problem confronting his government. In his rather more shaggy, William Morris sort of way, MacDonald was as consciously elegant in appearance as is Sir Anthony, and their diction bears many points of resemblance—a note of almost whimpering persuasiveness combined with a lack of precision which, in MacDonald's case, degenerated into total incomprehensibility.

In a sense, too, their roles are the same, though in reverse. MacDonald's role was to convince the then much more powerful middle and upper classes that they had nothing to fear from a Labour prime minister, and Sir Anthony's is to convince the now much more powerful lower classes that a Conservative prime minister is really on their side. Such a role cannot but give a touch of ribaldry to those who undertake it, and though neither MacDonald nor Sir Anthony can be regarded as greatly dowered with humour, there is something inherently comical about both of them. In the pages of history they are likely to appear as Don Quixote figures, whose earnest intentions and high aspirations bear no valid relation to the actual circumstances of their times, and therefore in retrospect seem funny.

It is, of course, true that MacDonald did not run out his time as leader of the Labour Party. Sir Anthony might be well advised to follow his example in this respect. When the inflation crisis reaches its peak, what possible recourse will he have but to join up with Mr. Gaitskell, as MacDonald did with Baldwin, and appeal to the country for a Doctor's Mandate? Many Conservatives would doubtless refuse to follow him and would, in consequence, lose their seats; but the Gaitskell-Eden government would be returned with a huge, and largely Labour, majority. The *Observer*, under J. L. Garvin, said of MacDonald, when he formed his national government with Baldwin: "Thank God for him!"; the *Observer*, under Mr. David Astor, would probably make a like observation about Sir Anthony if he were to form a national government with Mr. Gaitskell. Just as there was a minute Labour opposition under George Lansbury in 1932, so there would doubtless be a minute Conservative opposition under, say, Mr. James Stuart, when Sir Anthony and Mr. Gaitskell had appealed successfully to the country. Mr. Bevan would then make forays from the left as Churchill did from the right. Otherwise the two situations would be identical. In due course Mr. Gaitskell and Sir Anthony could change places as Baldwin and MacDonald did.

Without some such arrangement it is difficult to see much future for Sir Anthony as a purely Conservative leader. Conservative M.P.s, certainly, are more docile than Labour M.P.s, but even they will scarcely go on enduring with equanimity the surrender, one after another, of all their cherished positions at home and abroad. Fate, and Sir Winston Churchill, have given them, just at their moment of recovery from the 1945 debacle, a general whose instinct is always to retreat, and whose words of command have about as much dynamism as a Third Programme talk on the place of the potato in English folk-lore.

None of this is Sir Anthony's fault. He is but a victim of history. The ship of state was already hopelessly water-logged and incapable of responding to the tiller when he took over command. What was there, then, for him to do but to bend his efforts to soothing down the increasingly apprehensive passengers? Like the Republicans in the United States under President Eisenhower's leadership, the Conservatives under his have been unable to find any *raison d'être* except to continue the policies of their opponents. They asked for a leader and were given a public relations officer; here is the news, and this is Anthony Eden reading it.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Disunited States

TRAVELLING in the American South this winter (only a year or so after visiting Brazil, where the colour problem has been completely solved), I was left with the feeling that colour prejudice is the worst political defect of the English-speaking peoples. Go from Latin America to the United States and you will be inclined to agree with Professor Toynbee that "though in certain other respects the triumph of the English-speaking peoples has been a blessing to mankind, in this perilous matter of race feeling, it can hardly be denied that it is a misfortune."

Voters in the state of Virginia (and that means largely white voters, since so many Negroes have been effectively disfranchised) have again forced this issue to the front by deciding in the recent referendum in favour of state grants for private "segregated" schools. This, if really carried out, would frustrate the Supreme Court's historic ruling of May 1954 that coloured children must not be segregated into separate schools supported by public money.

We shall probably not hear much of this issue in the coming presidential election campaign, since it is too delicate and explosive for either political party. Yet, of all political and social issues, "segregation" seems to dominate people's thoughts and conversation in the south-eastern fifth of the United States—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana; and in a lesser degree West Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee and Texas. In most of these states, until the Supreme Court's 1954 judgment, there had still been virtually complete segregation of colours not merely in schools but in churches, universities and other public premises.

I spent an evening in Atlanta, Georgia, at the annual supper of an all-Negro school of 15-17-year-old boys and girls. No other white was there; and after supper the students were addressed by their schoolmaster and by the Negro editor of a successful Atlanta daily paper with an all-coloured staff. The speeches and conversation were all concerned with the Negro's fight for the full application of the Supreme Court's verdict; and the young people were strongly advised by the chief speaker that, because the cause of non-discrimination was gradually winning, thanks to the Supreme Court, they should avoid bitterness or violence and stick scrupulously to legal and constitutional methods. Inch by inch, this

coloured journalist said, and week by week, the coloured people were gaining ground, though the struggle would be long and hard.

Then the schoolchildren began to question me: What did the English think about segregation? Was there discrimination in England? How were West Indian immigrants treated in London? I replied that, despite a lot of local difficulties (especially housing), public opinion in England ran strongly against colour discrimination. At this, they inquired how, in that case, I could account for events in South Africa—which they thought was still part of England. I tried to convince them that South Africa is not now ruled from London; and asked in turn whether it was true (as many intelligent whites say) that Negroes really prefer "segregation," and do not want trouble stirred up. What did they want? "Equality," they answered very straightforwardly: "No discrimination."

This showed all too plainly how profound is the cleavage still dividing the two nations within the southern states—and dividing the South on the one hand from the north and the west of the U.S., where de-segregation is supported wholeheartedly, on the other. A "conservative" old-style Democratic congressman in New Orleans told me that the Supreme Court's decision was a "gross interference by northern states like Maine and Vermont" in the affairs of the South; and that the Supreme Court was exceeding its powers and trying to legislate instead of interpreting. I thought it would be impertinent for a foreigner to say that one supposed that this issue had been decided by the civil war. It is painfully clear that the whites in the South do not accept the result of the civil war, and are still bitterly fighting it by the method of passive resistance. The governor of Georgia recently described the Supreme Court's decision as "treacherous" in a public speech; and the state Attorney-General has formally stated that segregation is in force in Georgia in spite of it. Another sign of defiance is the recent meeting in Richmond, Virginia, of five governors from the South, who planned their campaign to resist de-segregation.

It is certainly true that the present Court has made a sharp change in its interpretation of the famous 14th amendment, which laid down that all persons must have "equal" protection by the law. But, in insisting that "equal" means "equal," the Court is only rejecting the judgment of 1896, which ruled that "equal" meant "equal but separate." For physical as well as political reasons, segregation cannot be abolished at once, and the Court has given the objecting states a chance to delay the process by insisting only that they should make some genuine moves towards equality. Its judgment, however, does give Negroes a chance to challenge in the courts any state school or college which excludes them, and all over the South cases of this kind are being brought.

The struggle is being led, or at least guided, on the Negro side by the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, which carries out propaganda and fights legal battles. It is accused from time to time, naturally, of being Communist; but, in fact, the great majority of coloured people have wisely kept clear of the Communists. "Bad enough being black," one said to me, "without being red as well." Extremists among the whites have been organising "citizens councils" throughout the South, which are publicly pressing employers to deprive any Negro of his job if he openly supports the Supreme Court on de-segregation. In the worst cases, some have lost their jobs. But isolated efforts to revive the Klan have failed. All in all, as a result of this protracted struggle, bigger breaches have now been made in the iron curtain of segregation than seems to have been realised in Britain. The rate of advance varies from state to state; but today there are many thousands of coloured children and students in schools and universities which admitted none in 1954.

In Maryland, more than 1,000 coloured pupils this winter entered formerly all-white schools in eight of the state's 23 counties. White parents tried to obstruct at first, but soon gave up. (Baltimore de-segregated over a year ago.) In West Virginia discrimination has been almost completely abolished this winter, without the predicted friction and disorders. In areas further north and west like Missouri (85 per cent. de-segregated), Oklahoma, Kentucky and Delaware, the advance towards de-segregation has moved fairly fast. Progress has been rather slower, but still real, in Tennessee and Texas. In Dallas, Texas, a judge has ruled that the city "must do away with segregation after having worked out a proper plan." Meanwhile, in the city of Washington itself, segregation—which lingered on in various forms right up to 1950—has almost completely vanished; and 80 per cent. of the public schools have coloured children—nearly half of the teachers are also coloured. The struggle has taken on a legal form in Arkansas, where at least one local school board (at Hoxie) has decided to go ahead with de-segregation, side with the Supreme Court, and defy its own state authorities. In North Carolina, the state university has opened its doors to Negroes this winter for the first time; and in Florida the first "integrated" classes have appeared in a few schools.

But in the "last-ditch" states of South Carolina (where the Negroes have been pouring in petitions to the legislature, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana), the plan for delay now devised by Virginia is likely to be copied. By this plan the state government would take power to spend public money to pay fees at private schools, so that white parents objecting to de-segregation could still send their children to non-segregated schools at the public expense. Instead, wholly public schools (which would have to be de-segregated) might become rare. Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia are playing with the idea of abolishing them altogether. Under the second part of the Virginian plan, local school boards would have the power to "assign" individual children to a given school—nominally on grounds other than colour.

By either of these devices, the Supreme Court's ruling could be—at least temporarily—evaded. They are, therefore, a direct and deliberate challenge to the U.S. constitution. If the last-ditchers in the South insist on obstinately pushing this plan forward, they can delay the coming of de-segregation in their states, and do a good deal of damage to the schools. But the plan itself can, of course, and will, be challenged in the Supreme Court, and—almost certainly—found contrary to the 14th amendment. And even if this further round in the struggle takes time, possibly some years, the anti-segregation forces from the north and west are closing in on the South, and are almost certain to prove irresistible in the end.

DOUGLAS JAY

Think of a Number

I MEANT to write about the turn of the year in mud and frost, the tractor bogging at the gate, the turnips too hard stuck for the beasts to pull. I mean to write about Spring plans—Lachlan and I looking at the lists of seeds and fertilisers, a good deal depressed at the steady rise in price of practically everything we need. Those worries and unpleasantnesses are very definite; they get into one's dreams. But my main depression, the thing that brings me nearest to just sitting down and screaming, is the farm accounts. I try and try to put down everything. Or at least I seem to myself to try, but possibly my sub-conscious with its profound dislike for arithmetic (matched by its distaste for anything connected with money, which was so unladylike when I was a girl) keeps on losing the account book at the critical moment. Besides, one does quite a bit of swopping and what we in the Highlands call obligements; and nobody who clings to the old ways will be in a hurry to send in the bill. I get a few lambs from Dunkie every year and have the greatest difficulty in getting him to admit that I owe him anything at all. On the other hand, anyone in the country who has a small business and not much capital is feeling the credit squeeze now. Odd, to think of the misery which Tory policy is causing to just those small exponents of private enterprise whom it would have us suppose it loves and cherishes.

Even with a Labour Chancellor, I suppose I should have to do my farm accounts and valuations, and fill up that depressing buff form which is enough to arouse guilty feelings in an archangel. Dick asks me if I am sure I have put everything in. No, I say, I'm not sure, how can I be sure, this isn't the sort of thing I ought to be expected to be sure about. Then suddenly I remember I never put in the painting of the sheds. It was done by an outside contractor. I paid him out at the sheds and, before I'd got back to the account book, something no doubt intervened; so that never got itself in.

There is always a fantastic amount for repairs and upkeep, partly because when I took over eighteen years ago the place had been neglected for years. At least it looks like a farm now; and every year whatever profit I may have made goes for some essential farm implement. These count as capital expenditure and go on the back of the buff form. You get depreciation on them, and altogether they seem to be morally superior. This year I got a new mower to replace the old second-hand one which was always going wrong. The old henhouse was falling to bits round the hens and beyond repair, so I had to get a new one; and finally I got a roller of my own because, although I have been borrowing one all these eighteen years, it is handy to have one of one's own. But everything seems to be so dear to buy, and one doesn't seem to get the cost back on what one sells. I know I am bad at the business of buying and selling. I don't watch the markets and consider price trends; and I suppose only the farmers who do that are the successful ones. My main farm profits are cattle. My few sheep show a profit too; and there are odd sales of potatoes, wool, milk, eggs, articles for the NEW STATESMAN and so on. And then, of course, there are the subsidies.

If I had a few fields of good land—deep, rich earth like Northamptonshire—I wouldn't need the subsidies. But I would have to be a better farmer; for on rich, heavy land one has to choose the exact moment and weather for cultivation. Our casual Highland ways would leave the ground in a mess. But with good farming, decent land produces a crop that pays for itself. Up here we are almost or quite "marginal," which is the justification for subsidies—unless one is going to argue that much of the marginal land would be better under forest.

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The unfortunate thing is that subsidies go equally to the farmer on land which doesn't need them; so some economically silly and wrong results turn up. For instance, lowland farms should be buying young store cattle from the upland and seaboard breeding areas, and finishing them off for market. But now, with the calf-rearing subsidy, they have taken to breeding calves themselves.

I get the calf-rearing subsidy, the hill cattle subsidy and the T.T. subsidy. We in Kintyre are rather proud of being one of the first "designated areas," where there is no bovine tuberculosis. By now there are quite a number of such areas, and the standards of cleanliness are high. It makes me wonder if the policy of pasteurising and homogenising, or whatever wonderful thing it is they do to town milk, is justified. Personally I can't drink London milk and don't like even cooking with it. But all my subsidies together—there are others on lime and fertilisers, ploughing up and some kinds of improvement—don't come to one man's wages. And wages are, of course, the main thing on the debit side of the account. They would look even larger if I charged for myself. Then, again, one has to set off what goes into the house, which is a good deal better in quality than what one would be likely to buy for the same money. I suppose if I didn't have such a hungry —or is it greedy?—family and such a lot of friends, I might be selling more. But then, would I find such an easy market? All this gets into the realms of economics. Some people believe in economics; other people believe in fairies. I can't say economics is my first choice.

After the valuation (and my poor bull's leg is still swollen so I have to depreciate him quite a lot) and the cash paid out and cash received and the allowances, it remains to consider debts owing and debts owed. On the one side there are a few dozen eggs; on the other solider things like the tractor fuel and Dunkie's lambs. But should I really count Dunkie's lambs as something owed, seeing he wouldn't dream, dear Dunkie, of sending me a bill for them? Better to shut one's eyes and think of a number—possibly doubling it. If only Dick won't ask me if I'm sure it's the right one!

NAOMI MITCHISON

Fleet Street Notebook

FLEET STREET has had more to worry it than the cold weather. Judging by the latest circulation returns from the Audit Bureau of Circulation the sun has gone down at last on that bright expansive world in which more and more newspaper readers clamoured year by year for more and more papers. It has been a long summer. Total newspaper circulations have been bounding upwards with almost unfailing regularity for more than a quarter of a century—indeed for far longer than that if one goes back to the beginning of the Northcliffe revolution.

But now winter has set in at last. Nor can there be any certainty of Spring ahead. The market is near saturation. Henceforth the scramble for circulation, which has become not less but more urgent for many newspapers, is likely to be increasingly a cut-throat business in which gains will be possible only at the expense of other rivals. With some 88 per cent. of the adult population of these islands now, according to such market research as that carried out by the Hulton Readership Survey, reading at least one national daily on an average day, there certainly cannot be many uncommitted readers waiting about to be picked up. The new A.B.C. figures suggest, indeed, that so far from continued expansion some slight contraction in total newspaper demand is taking place—perhaps because of price increases. The number of popular newspaper buyers has fallen by some 360,000 in the last twelve months.

What is more significant is that almost all newspapers have suffered except for two at opposite poles to each other. More people are buying the *Manchester Guardian* than a year ago—nearly 9,000 a day more: and 165,000 a day more are buying the *Daily Sketch*. For the first time in its history since the Bartholemew revolution of the 'thirties the *Daily Mirror* actually lost ground during 1955. Its average circulation in the last six months of the year was close on 60,000 a day fewer than in the same period in 1954. Sixty thousand is not much on a total circulation still close on 4,695,000—but it shows an unexpected slackening of the *Mirror's* previously unbroken rise and may indicate that the *Sketch* is beginning to draw a few of its more feather-pated readers away from it. It is, however, difficult to see how even with its present circulation of just under 1,050,000 the *Daily Sketch* can be running at a profit. Nor would it be wise to assume that the *Mirror* has permanently passed its peak. It will be surprising if those shrewd operators, Cecil King and Hugh Cudlipp, have not a few tricks still up their sleeves—and the *Mirror* has yet to begin to reap the full benefit from its new printing plant in Manchester.

The *Express* and the *Mail* have also dropped in circulation on the year—the *Express* by 22,000, the *Mail* by 31,000; and although both made some recovery in the last six months of the year compared with the first six months, indications are that the first circulation figures for the current year will show another dip. The problem that faces both of them moreover is what effect their belated adherence to 2d. as an economic price (instead of the 1½d. they tried to hold on to while the others went up) will have on sales. For the past ten weeks or so the 1½d. has rivalled the chained crusader in size on the *Express's* front page as an attraction to the discriminating reader. Now the 1½d. goes. However, the chains, of course, remain. What can be gambled on, however, is that at whatever expense in big prize competitions and other promotion costs the *Express* will try to hold its 4,000,000.

The real writing on the circulation wall points, however, at the *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle*. The *Herald* continued during the year its now well-practised lesson in how difficult it is to make friends and influence people when you are not quite sure which way you are going yourself—it lost more than 100,000 circulation in the twelve months. Until it took a shot in the arm with the purchase of the goodwill of the *Daily Dispatch*, the *News Chronicle* was doing even worse. It lost over 120,000 readers between January and November when it stepped in and added *Daily Dispatch* to its title. As a result of this deal it is, however, up on the year by 152,000, having succeeded so far in winning over many more of the *Dispatch* readers than any of its rivals had conceived possible. The big question for 1956 is whether it will be able to hold on to them permanently.

In the Sunday paper field the same significant pattern of declining popular demand is also to be seen. Even that old reliable the *News of the World* has taken a knock. So have all other big circulation papers except the *Sunday Pictorial* which, with no serious tabloid competitor to worry it, put on 57,000. Soon, however, all the Sunday papers may find themselves faced with a new cat among the pigeons—and a brightly coloured, extremely handsome cat at that. Hulton's are now far advanced with plans for a new Sunday paper, with cover and centre page spread in colour, to be edited by the clergyman who gave *Eagle* to the world and to sell at 4d.—which is quite a price to expect the popular Sunday public to pay. The launching of the new paper, which may prove to be the first original idea in popular journalism for quite a time, is planned for April and Hulton's are sufficiently confident to talk to advertisers in terms of an initial guaranteed circulation of 1,000,000. However, one hurdle has still to be overcome. The N.P.A. has yet to be convinced that it will be a newspaper and not a magazine and as such entitled to the distribution facilities provided by newspaper train and road services.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

At Home

"AND then," ended up Mrs. Brightways—"but there's no need for me to ask you if you know Canon Cope . . . !" She swivelled and observed her teeming salon as though it were a job well done.

"Lambeth . . . ?" hazarded the Canon.

I smiled. "You haven't any nuts," I said with concern. "They seem," I added, "to be *de rigueur*."

He brushed the suggestion aside and stooped pendulously to snuff a Sobranie. "You saw my article in *Iconography* . . . ?"

"Last month's?—I missed it. . . ."

"I could probably get you a copy to make up your set."

I had never heard of the thing. "*Please* don't trouble," I said. "I can always see it at Amen Court."

"Charming man, the Dean," he pumped. "You know him, of course?"

I pirouetted vaguely for the ashtray. "Fairly well," I fibbed.

"Do you now!" he said thoughtfully. "Then you must be young Kegaway. Your father was at the House in '08 . . . '09 . . . ?"

"There *is* a likeness." I imagined the hypothetical Kegaway and warmed to him.

"Kegaway did very well to get Garspers—no more than he deserved, of course. But it cuts down the plums for the rest of us. There are precious few delightful anomalies such as Garspers left in these days. No parish: just a founder's sermon and an annual chapter or so at the cathedral—not to mention the rank—it still means *something* to come immediately after the Dean of Bocking!"

"Kegaway still there?" I asked. The butler was worrying me. How could he possibly tell in all that squawking mob in Mrs. Brightways' drawing-room that I was the only one who hadn't been invited! Perhaps it wasn't that. I ogled him lightly, but drew a blank. Then he *knew*! I shrank a little before such a gimlet perception. Anyway, I was safe for the time being. Not even a rumour could have crossed the floor at the moment. I had never seen such a crush.

"Stuck," said the Canon.

I started.

"Kegaway," he said. He cast a glaucous eye over the tray of drinks held up to him by a battle-scarred parlourmaid and took two. "She'll never make it again," he advised, looking at her as though she were a filly on the tenth lap.

I agreed and did the same.

"Yes," he continued, "I'm glad I refused it now. There's nothing so bedraggled as being emeritus at sixty. Garspers is like an episcopal Chiltern Hundreds. You just think you've got your teeth well into a see and then, before you

the things they say!

Those people made a pile of money last year.

Not a lot, in relation to the size of their business!

Maybe not. But why couldn't they let their customers have a bigger share in this prosperity by lower or level prices?

You talk as if I.C.I. haven't kept their prices down.

Well, have they?

Certainly. The general level of wholesale prices in this country is more than three times pre-war, but the general level of I.C.I.'s prices is less than double.

Still, I don't see what I.C.I. want all that money for.

Much of it went into extending and re-equipping their hundred-odd factories and constructing plants for entirely new products.

Who benefits from that?

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B

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can say 'fideles' you're all washed up at Garspers."

"The Duke's rather nice, isn't he?" I asked, catching on.

"*Frightfully* nice."

"I enjoyed your . . ." I turned artfully and made a gibberish sound in the direction of Mrs. Brightways.

"One of my best," said the Canon. "I understand I had the next highest listening average to *Desert Island Discs*. Even the *Pill* was enthusiastic and said it would like to print the whole of 'Every Rectory an Agepone'."

"Jolly good!" The butler was certainly moving. Imperceptibly at first, like a liner commencing to sail, he was lessening the parquet between us. His face was animated. I could see he loved chucking people out.

"I'll send you a copy," said the Canon. "Pity about Tumoult, wasn't it?"

"A great pity."

"Fancy interfering with a treble when you don't know the ropes!"

"I never see the papers," I said indifferently.

"Took him straight up and split his skull open, neat as an egg. Tried to save himself—cracked a hatchment on the way up—but it was all useless. Should have let go, of course. Bells can be Hell."

"*Can't* they! Sad, too," I added compassionately.

"My second volume on font-lore comes out on Tuesday."

"Does it!" I said with huge interest. I felt in sudden need of protection, something great and secure. The Canon was the biggest thing in the room next to the piano. The butler was edging towards Mrs. Brightways and at the same time taking care to cut off my retreat. I'd made a mistake this time all right! But it had looked so jolly from the street—all the cars and the awning with grey tassels and at least two of those beautiful girls—the sort who seem to emulate their faultless six o'clock clothes by preserving themselves in reams of tissue-paper for the rest of the day. But what had I got out of it? A couple of gins and Canon Cope!"

"It's sure to supersede Moxby and there's talk of its being made the *Daily Mail* tract-for-the-times."

"Ah! you should have been a writer," I lamented sychophanticly. It was interesting to see how much he could take. I soon realised that this was chicken-feed.

"Yes," he said, "Gosse was right. I have a perfect natural style."

I allowed a little pause, a mournful hiatus for what the language had been denied. The Canon smiled grimly and winkled about in his enormous left ear with a chubby finger. "I'm sixty-three," he confessed and waited avidly for my incredulity.

Eighty, I should have given him. "Nobody would ever think it," I said truthfully.

He purpled with pleasure. "I wish I could get you a drink," he said, comfortably aware of the impossibility of doing so.

It was a chance. The butler was tacking stiffly round an archipelago of peers. Mrs. Brightways was standing on the fender with her back to the room and looking into the mirror. Something in the hunched complacency of her shoulders told me that she had forgotten her original intention of seeing her party as a reflected whole and was absorbed only in herself. "No, no!" I said, "let me get *you* one." I might have made it. I was almost to the door when a dragging, lodestone feeling made me turn. I was lost. One of the six o'clock girls was immediately behind me.

"Hullo," I said. I could see that she wasn't swept off her feet, but she looked kindly.

"I've never seen *you* at Mrs. Brightways' before," she said rather accusingly.

"It would be a wonder if you had," I replied, surveying the crammed room.

She laughed delightfully. "I know who you must meet. . . ."

My heart leaped. I was to meet them both. . . to enter that mysterious six o'clock world of theirs. I marvelled at the way the thickest, most impenetrable clumps of Mrs. Brightways' guests parted before her dazzling authority. Was there a hint of malice in that enchanting stern? I still don't know, but before I could say "septuagesima" I was back at the Canon again, deposited at his feet like one of nature's curates.

"Canon Cope," she said, "I want you to meet . . ." She flicked her pretty fingers descriptively. There was no doubt that she was in league with Mrs. Brightways.

"Old friends! Old friends!" beamed the Canon. He seemed enchanted to see me again. "Lovely creatures," he added, "the Felixstowe girls—the best thing old Felixstowe ever did. He laughed broadly.

"Sweeties," I said. I looked for the butler. He was bearing down all right. "Goodbye," I added. "I shall have to be going."

"Fancy your being old Kegaway's boy," mused the Canon. I wonder if he knows I'm doing a Lenten outline for the Archbishop—perhaps you would mention it."

"Of course!"

"Extraordinary the way I got hold of it," he went on. "I was at that play called the *Boy Friend*—very dated—I'm surprised at them putting it on—and I happened to find myself sitting behind Princess . . ."

A seismic commotion at the centre of the party sent out agitated waves and I lurched against the Canon. His gin libated itself freely over my clothes. "Golly!" he said, "what a waste! And I doubt if I shall be able to get hold of another."

The butler was very near now and so was Mrs. Brightways. Whether they had converged at any time to agree on a plan of action I couldn't tell, but there was no doubt that I was the bourne for which they steered. Mrs. Brightways' face was like an incised lavender-bag. With amazement I found the Canon laying hands upon me. He had my lapel securely and was bending his great head down to mine. It was all over, I thought. They were all in it together! I had a terrible foretaste of the rustling mirth of the six o'clock girls as the butler precipitated me from the room. I struggled to free myself from the Canon, but he wasn't the sort to give up easily. He tugged me to him and hissed, "If they offer me Exeter, I shall refuse—you'll see!"

The butler was saying, "Excuse me . . ." I made a superhuman effort and got free. A narrow lane appeared miraculously through the guests. I took it, first turning to grin boyishly at Mrs. Brightways. I noticed her mouth widen and could see her saying, "Cheddar, Cheddar. . . ." "Charming!" I fancied I heard the Canon shout. "Old Kegaway's boy . . . a painter . . ."

"Of course! Of course!" screamed Mrs. Brightways. "A *painter* . . .! She hated to be wrong.

Even the six o'clock girl seemed contrite as I fled. She swirled her skirts adorably to let me pass. She doted on art. In a minute I was out of the house, free of the awning, under the stars. I walked dejectedly across the square until the plane-trees and railings hid me from Mrs. Brightways' house. I heard music, a string-band playing Vivian Ellis and saw the crowds hurrying to lobster salad . . . fried chicken. . . . I was famished. I stared longingly through a modest door at the surprising splendours inside. A minor embassy? The Anglo-Baluchistan League? A joint coming-out? What did it matter. Another little mouth . . . So what! I gave my smile to the doorman and strolled in.

RONALD BLYTHE

The Arts and Entertainment

Edward Middleditch

FOR a long time this country has lamely followed in the European procession of art. But no longer. Our realists are advancing as fast as any, and of them none is more English in vision than Middleditch, who now has a large and immensely impressive exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Beaux Arts. This show represents an advance for the straightforward reason that it reveals the growth of Middleditch's individual imagination—his ability to disclose that which exists—and for the more general reason that it demonstrates how realists can and will develop from necessary austerity to richness. The best very large picture in this exhibition celebrates the abundance of a summer meadow. (It would make a marvellous present for a London hospital.) Others are of sunflowers, roses, trees in blossom, a dog playing in the snow, and sea spray.

Middleditch is an original. He relies very little on the example of any master. In some of his drawings of flat landscapes with old trees—solid as old wardrobes but chockful of leaves—silhouetted against the sky, there is an echo of Rembrandt. In his use of whites playing on white in his paintings, there is a suggestion of Goya. But fundamentally Middleditch has no need for invention—and paradoxically it is for his inventions that a painter looks to other artists for help—because he has a constantly sustained poetic attitude to nature, with a base to it as broad as a barge. This is why I said his work was very English, and why, if he must be compared to anybody, he should be compared to Turner, whom stylistically he resembles in no way at all.

What is the nature of Middleditch's vision? The only way of getting anywhere near to defining it in words is to describe what interests him. His theme is energy: the kind of energy manifest in the explosion of procreation or in snow set flying by the hooves of a galloping horse. But he realises that such energy is meaningless unless related to other facts and a firm purpose. And so what he really paints is the relationship, the creative conflict, between structure and growth, anatomy and movement. A pretentious way of putting it: but then he *paints* it. He paints a young tree in front of an old one, the drifts of white blossom spun from its black branches: the flat, green, receding mirror of the river sluiced over at the weir: the separate grasses and dill and cow parsley of a meadow becoming a band of pure white resplendent gold as they hit the blue of the sky in front of a stunted, tarnished oak tree: a bunch of white marguerites on a chair in front of a bed spring, their energy as effusive as that of the springs is taut: the swelling of a round hill behind square houses: the lace cuff on the hard arm of the tide.

Many people criticised the close-up paintings of streams and wet paving stones in Middleditch's last exhibition for being too chaotic, for running out over the edges of the canvas. Occasionally this criticism is still just, but the success of most of these new pictures fully justifies his unusual

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attitude to distance and space. He draws best when he is surrounded by his subject, either actually so, as when in the meadow he looks up at the grasses above him, or imaginatively, as when he draws an oak tree in the middle distance with an intensity which makes one believe he can see every acorn in it. Not that he ever draws tightly with a trivial concern for detail; it is rather that he can feel the scale of a bird's flight as keenly by studying a single tail feather as by watching it in the sky. He paints the outermost surface of things, the surface far *in front* of the superficial one of taken-for-granted appearances: a surface made up of the very tips of growth and of the vibrations of movements still almost only presentiments in the air. But he does this so full-bloodedly, so freely and with such passion of broad observation that he penetrates through what he is painting to express the hard thrust behind—the thrust of the growing tree trunk, of the dog's muscles, of "the force that through the green fuse drives."

JOHN BERGER

Bludgeonings of Chance

IF commercial television producers know Pope, they must often be tempted to parody the last lines of the *Dunciad:*

Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored . . .

As, one by one, the other executives are hived off, to Mr. Parnell is left the exalted status of "great Anarch," and it is, of course, universal *brightness* that "buries all."

The Scientist Replies—one of the programmes recently cited by Sir Robert Fraser in a somewhat sophistical argument for the high cultural value of ITV—is the latest victim of this euthanasia. It finishes next Thursday. Its penultimate edition showed us how human discs slip, and the heart beating in the dark spot in the yolk of a hen's egg, with diagrams of the embryo's growth ("That is the placenta . . . "). It failed to show us one or two things that were promised: one of the scientists, Miss M. Johnson, said, "Would you like to see one of the ancestors of man . . .? " and the chairman said that that would be fascinating; but we only saw Miss Johnson's face, looking increasingly worried. Some anti-Darwinian gremlin had lost the slide.

Chaos is indeed the untutelary deity of too many of these semi-serious programmes on ITV. *Mail Call,* for instance, in which viewers' letters are dealt with and queries answered, is still much less well tailored than its BBC opposite number, *Information Desk,* and is spoiled by a time-wasting attempt to impose the wrong sort of unity on it: the arch girl and the pipe-smoking chap who conduct it began last week's edition, and rounded it off, by acting an irrelevant domestic tiff. But it is also, like many other programmes, dogged by sheer bad luck. Last week the viewer's-request tune-of-the-week was the occasion of a multiple snafu: first, the picture that was supposed to illustrate the tune didn't appear, and the viewers and arch girl were left staring at each other throughout the tune; being a professional, she looked less worried than Miss Johnson had in her similar emergency, though her smile became fixed and there was a certain agitation of the Adam's apple. Then, at the end, there had to be another apology: wrong information had been given about the A-R opening tune; the information was a day out of date, by a malign coincidence the tune had been changed that very night!

With such chronic accident-proneness, ITV will hardly dare yet to put on "live" anything so ambitious as the BBC series due to start in Children's Hour this Sunday—a life of Christ. Technical hitches in such a programme would be peculiarly embarrassing, and could not be laughed off with gags by the performers.

On one recent evening it was possible for the "converted" viewer to sandwich extreme savagery between two programmes diversely illustrative of civilisation at its most sophisticated. The savagery was a case of ritual murder in the A-R series, *By an African Camp Fire*—reasonably exciting and well produced in authentically lovely African hill-country, but marred by a dubious implicit moral ("Tell me, why do these people do these terrible things? " "The savage is still there underneath . . . "), and interrupted by some singularly incongruous commercials ("Give your baby Cow and Gate—the food of seventeen royal babies").

This was preceded and followed by two BBC programmes showing, respectively, a visit to Osterley Park House by Mr. John Betjeman, and the basis and alleged value of educational intelligence-tests. Mr. Betjeman is a "natural" for TV, as on the lecture-platform, simply because one always has the impression that he has put off preparing his stuff till the last moment and then hasn't had time to, and so spouts it really spontaneously. His hair was madly awry, he got into mid-sentence flaps, but he did rattle on without stopping in a way which, if anything can, must have helped the average viewer to enjoy the art of *Robert Adam.* The camera even looked upwards at the canopy from inside the grandest bed. "Imagine if you were Mrs. Child," chortled Mr. Betjeman, "That's what you'd have seen as you laid [*sic*] in bed."

Mr. Gilbert Harding was rather more subdued in the intelligence-test programme, one of the *Frontiers of Science* series; but he did voice the plain man's scepticism about these tests, and the hint of a real answer to this was given only fleetingly by one of the team. This programme did not seem to me quite as interesting as it should have been; there seemed to be difficulties about the timing of it; and, on my set anyway, it looked rather ill-lit and drab (possibly because there wasn't a woman among the educational experts). The best visual moments were the—rather agonising—close-ups of a boy's face as he tried to answer the trickier questions.

TOM DRIBERG

Lennox Berkeley

THERE is something gentle and uninsistent about Lennox Berkeley's music that makes it easy to forget how much he has written during the last ten or fifteen years, and how well. It may seem odd thus to characterise a composer who has had two operas produced within the same year—a feat suggestive rather of some jolly world-conqueror like Rossini; but the operas were themselves gentle and uninsistent, *Nelson* in fact altogether too much so for the nature of the subject. Still, if in *Nelson* we were justified in expecting a more decisive and emphatic tone of voice, we are certainly not justified in regarding this composer's instrumental works as of secondary importance because they have perfect manners and never bang the table. Lennox Berkeley has frequently been praised, and he is perhaps more widely and genuinely enjoyed than some composers who occupy a larger share of the limelight. All the same, he has not yet received his due. Being neither obscure nor angry nor ascetic nor flamboyant nor pessimistic nor "challenging," he tends to slip through the sieve of fashionable modern taste like a stream of clear water.

The water is nearly always clear, but not insipid. During January the BBC devoted four programmes entirely to Berkeley's music; and only one of the works played, the Viola Sonata of 1945, might be thought to fall under that imputation. The remaining performances, though confined to chamber music, songs and small piano pieces, brought home to us the extent and variety of his recent achievements. He is a fastidious composer, but fastidiousness has not impaired his fertility. It might easily have done so, for he belongs by nature to an age in which there is an accepted musical language, and it has cost him some time and much hard work to arrive at a personal style which pleases his ear and judgment. Having developed such a style, he cheerfully and straightforwardly writes to please, as though never doubting that in pleasing himself he will also please others: in his best works we are continually conscious of the pleasure—the simple, serene, workmanlike enjoyment—he is taking in his own handicraft.

Berkeley began his serious musical studies rather late in life, and he was for long a slow developer. His pre-war music, much of which he has now discarded, was often too closely indebted to the best Parisian models of the day—which themselves owed rather too much to the latest production of Stravinsky. The composers who have had the most lasting and fruitful influence on Berkeley have been Fauré and still more Roussel, with whom and with Ravel he studied; more surprisingly, a tinge of late Mahler appears from time to time in his work. No English composer, not even Britten, at one time his close associate, has left so marked a trace on his style; yet, in the process of becoming wholly personal, his music has also become almost wholly English in feeling. The Englishness consists in a frank acceptance of lyrical impulse as the natural point of departure. In the smaller forms it can also be, quite justifiably, the point of arrival; some of the songs and piano pieces (the latter admirably played by Colin Horsley) which were heard at the third concert are beautifully self-sufficient and satisfying little lyrical structures. As a piano composer Berkeley actually gains, I sometimes think, from the fact that he is himself a fluent and musical private pianist rather than a dashing public performer: he is never tempted to smother the lyrical germ in a meaningless proliferation of notes.

The problem for such a composer is how to extend his predominantly lyrical ideas into the larger forms. Whether or not we like to trace it to his French training and his admixture of French blood, Berkeley has a profound sense of formal beauty and proportion, such as could not permit the merely dynamic climaxes or the relentless Bisto-like thickenings which do duty for symphonic structure in the large-scale works of too many English composers. His own Symphony (1940), his largest essay so far in orchestral music, may not be entirely successful; but the thought is genuinely symphonic and not merely inflated. Inflation, indeed, is a danger from which he is mercifully immune. Aware of the difficulty which faces him, he proceeds by deliberate steps, showing a preference for Sinfonietta and Sonatina, Divertimento and Serenade, and often casting his longest and most successful sonata movements in variation form, of which an outstanding instance is the second and last movement of his Two Piano Concerto, the finest of his larger works.

The BBC concerts were built round three recent compositions which form a distinct group of chamber music for mixed instruments. The latest (which was repeated in public at the Wigmore Hall last week) is a Concertino for recorder, violin, 'cello and harpsichord, commissioned by Carl Dolmetsch and played by him and his associates. The antique instruments are used with no suggestion of daintiness or old-world charm, and Berkeley seems unexpectedly anxious to emphasise this in a first movement which is, for him, almost aggressive. The two central movements, each very brief and each headed "Aria," split the four instruments into two pairs; and the first Aria uses a twelve-note ground bass, though without deriving the upper part from it: he has never been an adherent of the dodecaphonic system. The Sextet first played at Cheltenham last year was again given, and renewed the favourable impression it then made; but it is the Horn Trio, I feel sure, which represents his talent, in its present phase, at the ripe and sunny moment of perfection. It is a wonderfully beautiful work, equally satisfying to the ear in its ideal solution of the by no means simple textural problem of balancing horn, violin and piano tone, and to the mind by the continual interest of the harmony (in which, as often with Berkeley, freely moving inner parts produce an effect of quiet exploration), by the grace of the melodies and the firm logic of the structure. A simple instance of this last quality can be seen in the finely contrived endings to the first two movements: Berkeley, like a man whose good manners tell him just when

and how to leave a room, always excels in the closing pages of movements, but the conclusion of the first movement of his Horn Trio has a poetry and inevitability that make it unforgettable. The third movement, which is the longest, consists of ten variations on an attractive theme with an epigrammatic twist in its last bar. Finales of works scored for the horn are apt to make somewhat tiresome use of conventional six-eight hunting-calls, but a surprisingly large number of Berkeley's variations are cast in slow tempo, as though he couldn't bear to relinquish the vein of meditative poetry explored in the slow movement. I hope that Messrs. Chester will soon publish a score of this lovely work, of which fortunately an excellent H.M.V. gramophone record has been made by the original performers, Dennis Brain, Manoug Parikian and Colin Horsley.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

That Man Again

FAR the most interesting thing that has happened in the theatrical world since the Christmas freeze has not happened in the theatre. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the new play by Mr. Tennessee Williams, which is now running with great success on Broadway, has been made available to us only in book form (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.); and we tamely allow ourselves not to be allowed to see it. In comparison with the violence of its impact even from the printed page, the offerings of the last few weeks seem even tamer than they are. A new American musical has come to Drury Lane. *Plain and Fancy* is pleasant enough, less tuneful than some of its predecessors, but stronger in humour (mostly supplied by Miss Shirl Conway) than many. The advance booking is a tribute to the reputation of the American musical as such; this one may just deserve it; but it looks, I am happy to say, as if the ascendancy of the American musical is on the wane. At the Comedy, Laurier Lister presents his sequel to *Airs on a Shoe-string*, with Max Adrian and Moira Fraser. *Fresh Airs* may disappoint a little as sequels commonly do, but it has just about enough brilliances to redeem the feebler numbers. A verse play, *Darkling Child*, which I have several times in the last few years heard of as a typical example of the good work which commercial managements neglect, served on the contrary to demonstrate the wisdom and judgment of those commercial managers. There are possibilities in the play, but they are not exploited in the version we saw at the Arts. The theme perhaps might lend itself to poetic treatment, but the poetry here was used to decorate the theme, not to manipulate it. Finally *The Strong are Lonely*, the play in which Mr. Donald Wolfit plays a Jesuit father in Paraguay, and which many people have found much more interesting than I did, is having a short season at the Haymarket.

Who can doubt that the explosion—it could hardly be other—of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* in the theatre itself would have been just the sort of shot in the arm we could have done with in this new year? I don't mind admitting that I myself find this play rather distasteful. Mr. Tennessee Williams, as those who saw *A Street-car Named Desire* will remember, is a highly sensational writer. He goes at the nerves with the most old-fashioned of hacksaws, rasps his way half through them, and leaves them jagged, raw exposed and screaming. His properties here are a young alcoholic on crutches with a wife and a homosexual problem, a rich and bawdy old planter dying of cancer, and the fierce family struggle over his will. This is all flung at us in one lump, and it strikes me as being altogether too much of a bad thing. It says much for Mr. Williams's skill that he does succeed in throwing over these well-worn props the disguise of his own personal style. I have no doubt that the play is effective, violently effective, on the stage. But I can't resist the feeling that much of the rawness is there for sensation's sake.

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But this—let me underline it—is an artistic not a moral judgment. The fact that this play has received the Pulitzer prize and the Drama Critics' award in New York is presumably some guarantee that, however raw and crude, it is not a mere piece of titillation—such as the Lord Chamberlain often licenses—but an attempt, whether successful or not, to contribute to the literature of the theatre. But the Lord Chamberlain, like the magistrates who decide the fate of books, is not interested either in intent or in literary achievement. And we remain passive. Surely London playgoers are not less grown up than American, might they not be allowed to make up their own minds about what they can take? Presently, no doubt, one of the theatre clubs will show the play in what must, in the conditions under which they work, be an imperfect rendering, and we shall judge it on that. Meanwhile I am amazed that the leaders of the theatrical profession remain dumb beneath the tyranny of the irresponsible official who decides what it is good for them to act in and what not.

T. C. WORSLEY

Film-making Without Strings

"Free Cinema," at the National Film Theatre
"Cinerama Holiday," at the London Casino

How does a movement start? One thinks, two talk, three get together—the sort of thing going on everywhere, all the time—but for some reason this particular seed germinates. A movement in England? Shrugs, pursings of lips. A movement in films in England? People will walk away.

The last movement in English films produced the noun "documentary" and an inspiration that lasted from Grierson to Jennings: almost twenty-five years—for, if unwilling, we are thorough. On that impulse we have lived and languished quite long enough. It's time we had a changing of coats, a new idea; and, perhaps, if we could look back from twenty-five years hence, we should recognise just such an idea in *Free Cinema*, and exult, as is posterity's way, that everyone should have been so slow in the uptake.

Three films make up the programme of *Free Cinema*. What they have in common is a quickness of eye and of approach to people, a hard sympathy, a determination to get at exploited humanity in the medium most of all exploited. The "camera eye" of the Twenties lacked a heart; documentary built itself on good resolutions and reserve; Neo-Realism has aligned itself with all that is drabbest and most to the Left: such, I would hazard, are the kinds of disaffection that worked most in these young minds—together, of course, with the perennial grudge against all film-making that it is even more corrupt in feeling than in finance. These films were made cheaply, two of them out of Government money; and the makers were allowed—even encouraged—to be themselves. No strings attached. This at least, let us congratulate ourselves, could have happened in no other country.

They break the ice into English life (and where else will be found ice so thick?): that is our first impression. Lindsay Anderson's *O Dreamland* takes us into some seaside Kursaal, picks up the horrors (Torture through the Ages, and a fiendish mechanical laughter), registers the queueing and patient sightseeing, follows the holiday-makers affectionately and sharpens the grim side of their enjoyment, assaulting ear and eye with gruelling charm. Karel Reisz's and Tony Richardson's evening at a North London dance club also looks in on pleasures, in this case rather more sympathetic. One would like to see more such films. But what compels attention and throws a reflective significance is the third of these pieces, the 50-minute *Together*. Here is not only a quickened realisation of people and scene but intense imagination. It is no exaggeration to say that this is by far the most original film made in England since Jennings's war films: the sensibility is as acute, the feeling deeper and odder.

Together is a short story, a story—despite dramatic development—of situation and atmosphere. In some hinterland of the Docks, with its great walls and overhead passages, children play on a waste land; two men walk across gesticulating, and the children impishly follow; the men don't care, while their hands go on talking—as they will go on throughout the film, since this is the speech of two deaf-mutes. Their isolation and strange domesticity, petrified meals "with the family", evenings at a pub, moments of work and leisure accumulate a rare intensity. They are wholly, agonisingly alive; the burly childishness of the one and the scared, flickering charm of the other give the whole scene another dimension. The tugs hoot and barges crawl off down river, children taunt, neighbours mutter, a dog barks, and every sound is outlined on silence like the crane swinging in the sky. The whole film brings a strange tenderness to implacable images. It was made by a young Italian, Lorenza Mazzetti, with two friends, Michael Andrews and Eduardo Paolozzi, in the leading parts, and shot in the East End at a cost of £1,700 provided by the British Film Institute's Experimental Production Fund. *Together* is a revolution in British film-making; it remains to be seen what effect it will have, and what sort of career is open to an artist of extraordinary talent.

A second helping of Cinerama may find us less avid; the joins wobble, choruses and cafés return, a linking anecdote of young couples makes for yawns; still, we open our eyes in the wake of skiers and—gifted with the jet-nose view—hold on to our seats; and there's a real scoop in the Negro funeral from which the mourners come away behind a brass band improvising their grief in jazz. Yes, even from Cinerama, cinema will peep out.

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THE NEW APATHY

SIR,—You have recently published articles about the social and political apathy in Britain—Paul Johnson, Malcolm Muggeridge and J. B. Priestley are the contributors I have in mind. Priestley, if I interpret him correctly, tells us that we are now living in a "new society", in which power and responsibility is rapidly passing to an elite, with the acquiescence of the masses. Politics, in such a society, becomes the occupation of a few; and the masses will continue on their rather sensual course, unperturbed provided their material wishes are largely granted. The whole canvas resembles to some extent James Burnham's portrait of the "managerial society". Malcolm Muggeridge wrote most provocatively about the shortsighted public relations policy of the responsible people about the Royal Household; and felt that this, coupled with a near-hysteria of interest about the trivia of royal doings, leads to a contempt for the Crown, and thus on to an endangering of constitutional monarchy itself. Paul Johnson thought that there were signs of a new radicalism, completely outside party politics, in which public interest has clearly and progressively declined.

Apathy has raised the problem of electoral organisation in the Labour Party; and there has been a noticeable tendency to blame loss of the election on lack of organisation. The report of the Wilson committee has played its part in this, and it seems very likely that future development of organisation in the Labour Party will increasingly resemble the development of party organisation in the two older parties before the turn of the century. Both the Liberals and the Conservatives brought their organisation into being to serve the interests of an established oligarchical group with a ruling tradition. The Labour Party, because it was principally a spontaneous growth from below, kept that spontaneity in the form of the voluntary tradition in its local organisation. The parliamentary party was "kept up to scratch" by a surviving sense in the constituencies of influence on policy from below. This raised not a few doubts about its constitutional propriety, which lasted until the famous Laski-Attlee-Churchill controversy at the time of Potsdam. From then on we can trace the increasing ascendancy of the leaders of the parliamentary party in matters of policy and strategy. It must be remembered, too, that the main leaders of the parliamentary party had more-or-less a decade of continuous office. As a result, in the pattern of the past, an oligarchy with an experience and sense of ruling tradition emerged, which can be likened to that existing in the two older parties, when they really began to build their electoral organisation. This raises the question of whether another party will arise. If Paul Johnson is correct about his new radicalism that might happen, but I do not think it will. The danger, I feel, is of a permanency of apathy.

It is, I think, most unlikely that either of the present parties will commit political suicide by tampering with the material welfare of the people. There is a sufficient body of theory and governmental experience, post-Keynes, to maintain an extremely high level of employment. There will thus be no great reform questions, as in the past, to stimulate politics; and apathy will not be disturbed from this quarter. Moreover, the biggest factor in apathy is the loss of a sense of political direction. Since 1832, there has always been a "pushing" group—Owenites, Radicals, Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers, Chartists, I.L.P., Clarion Leaguers, Suffragettes, the Socialist League and the Popular Fronters—which maintained an impetus in politics. Each of them had a sense of the promised land. The Labour Party had it, too, until its period of effective power mentally and physically tired its leaders, and exhausted its traditional programme.

Because I am drawn to Socialism, this situation disturbs me. If my analysis is right, the Labour Party which in our day has carried the "forward-impulse" may lose it forever, through a process akin

to the party constitutionalism of the nineteenth century. Parliamentary government is not thereby strengthened; on the contrary democracy itself may be impaired by it. The price of freedom in political theory is vigilance; but in practical politics it is a sense of impetus.

This becomes all the more important in 1956, with a change-over in the leadership of the Labour Party. As the new men find their feet they must find out how to reawaken this sense in the constituencies. The responsibility of interesting my generation, and later ones, in politics belongs to them. LESLIE CORINA

St. Catherine's Society,
Oxford.

RIOT IN ISTANBUL

SIR,—Dorothy Woodman, in her article "Riot in Istanbul," does the Turkish Government a serious injustice in implying that everything possible was not done by the authorities to put an immediate stop to the regrettable incidents of September 6 and 7 last. That appears to be the only interpretation of her statement that "the Turkish Government could not remain inactive, especially when so many foreign visitors . . . were in Istanbul" and her comment "They (the Greeks) believe that the Turkish authorities would have curbed the riots if the British and Americans had not encouraged their anti-Greek fanaticism."

Her article also impugns Turkish good faith in suggesting that the Government's promised compensation to the victims of the riots has been delayed.

May I reply briefly to these insinuations?

Whatever the truth about the cause of the incidents and I can assure Dorothy Woodman that investigations to identify those responsible are being pursued vigorously), the Turkish Government lost no time in suppressing them and in taking immediate steps to prevent their recurrence. Within a few hours a security force of about 1,500 had arrested 3,408 persons, and order had been completely restored. President Bayar, who was on his way to Ankara with Premier Menderes, returned to Istanbul as soon as the news of the disturbances reached him, and the city (as well as Ankara and Izmir) was placed under martial law. Altogether more than 4,000 suspected persons were arrested and organizations whose members had taken any part in the incidents were closed pending judicial proceedings. Those individuals (and unfortunately there were some) who in any way failed to perform their duties were dismissed instantly. All other measures considered necessary to guarantee the safety and security of citizens of whatever origin were taken without delay.

At the same time steps were at once taken to relieve and help the sufferers. A special assistance fund was opened and the Turkish Government announced that they considered it their duty to remedy the afflictions and repair the material losses of those who had suffered. By November, 1955, 2,133 claims for indemnification had been met in full, and this figure has now risen to over 3,000. Demands for damages amounting to 19,568,660 Turkish pounds (£T) have been accepted by the committee investigating claims, and so far £T6,323,266 has been paid out. This includes the agreed amount of £T282,170 for the repair of the Greek churches in Sisli and Beyoglu, and £T309,840 for Armenian and Greek schools. Apart from these payments, financial assistance amounting to £T70,920 has been provided by the Turkish Red Crescent to persons whose names were submitted by the Istanbul Patriarchy. All outstanding applications for compensation are being examined in order to determine the true figures involved, and the Foreign Ministry stated the other day that everything will be done to pay those whose claims are established as soon as possible.

The Turkish Government has repeatedly expressed its abhorrence and sorrow at the incidents of September 6 and 7, and these feelings are shared by all sections of Turkish public opinion. The strict measures adopted following the incidents, the establishment of special courts to identify and punish the guilty, the payment of damages and promise that the work of indemnification will be completed in the shortest possible time: these actions give proof, if proof were needed, of the Turkish Government's sincerity and of the sorrow that the incidents aroused in the national conscience.

Meanwhile, the Turkish Government, with the full support of public opinion, continues its endeavours for the amelioration of Turkish-Greek relations and looks forward to a revival of the friendship founded by Ataturk and Venizelos that yielded a series of good results for both countries. No service is done to Turkish-Greek friendship, or the cause of the free world, by allowing oneself to be misled by those who are using the incidents to create a problem between Turkey and Greece for political purposes.

Turkish Embassy, M. A. PAMIR,
43 Belgrave Square, *Press Attaché*
London, S.W.1.

DR. SUMMERSKILL AND THE ARABS

SIR,—Dr. Summerskill has joined the chorus of "experts" on the Middle East. Having spent a fortnight in the area she came back very critical of Israel and offered no useful advice on how to solve the problem of the Arab minorities in Israel and Arab-Israel relations generally. Moreover she deems herself an expert on Arab etiquette. Her Arab host, she says, "seemed quite unperturbed."

Dr. Summerskill is not entirely to be blamed. As the guest of the Israel authorities her guides should have briefed her better. It is quite possible that her guides rather than her Arab host were discomfitted by her conduct. Arab good manners precluded the display of any uneasiness in the unusual situation created. That her action in inviting her host to sit at the table with the party was offensive there is no doubt. N. I. MINDEL

SIR,—Dr. Summerskill's visit to Israel is well remembered for the interest she showed in Arab village life. On one occasion, she stood before an audience of Jewish Working Women in Haifa and earnestly urged them to march forth to the nearby Druze village of Isfiyah and release the women of the village from their medieval bondage. But the working women of Haifa were not fired with Dr. Summerskill's zeal and must have disappointed her.

The Arab village feast (referred to by Critic as a Bedouin feast) story should be seen perhaps in the context. We gather that Dr. Summerskill wished to display her disapproval of the old outmoded customs of an undynamic society and to offer her hosts an example of the modern progressive ways of the West. It is not quite true that Dr. Summerskill fed her host from her own plate. I am told on good authority that she used a clean dish and spoon.

I contest Critic's information that the poor man would suffer the ridicule of his friends. After all, his friends would view progressive Englishwomen and their ways with rather more amused tolerance and understanding than the latter might show for time-honoured Arab Customs.

Israel. CARMELITH

MARIO SCELBA

SIR,—Your Rome Correspondent (issue of January 14) in his review of the political situation in Italy writes: "... the right has only slowly been reorganising around Scelba . . . Scelba represents the large Italian monopolies, linked with American big business . . ."

Please allow me to describe the above statements as entirely devoid of foundation. Could your Correspondent prove them by mentioning one alone of the monopolies which I allegedly "represent" or by supplying the facts or evidence on which he bases his references to me?

Via Barberini, 47, Roma. MARIO SCELBA

[Our Rome Correspondent writes: "My intention was certainly not to imply that Signor Scelba was a business man, but that he represents (stands for, in the political sense) a certain policy which is favourable to foreign investments in Italy, and, above all, of American capital. In the sphere of petrol, for example, Signor Scelba's policy has clearly supported certain Italian monopolies, which have constituted companies in which there is capital of American trusts. It is not our intention to judge the merits of this policy, but to state the facts. The former Minister of Industry, Signor Villabruna, resigned from the Scelba government to avoid signing petrol concessions to one of these mixed companies (The Petro-Sud, whose capital is 50 per cent Gulf Oil (Pittsburgh) and 50 per cent. Montecatini (Italian chemical products monopoly). Signor Villabruna told the press that Signor Scelba had pressed him to sign this document. It was chiefly as a consequence of these differences that Signor Villabruna left the Liberal Party and founded a more radical liberal party. Italian public opinion is well aware that American big business had more confidence in the Scelba government than in any other, and that Signor Scelba is in a better position than any other Italian politician to obtain American investments in Italy. This may well be a good thing for Italy, but only time will decide this. Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

CATHOLIC CONFESSIONAL

SIR,—In your somewhat sensational paragraph, "The Clerical Campaign in Malta," you write: "This week we report, on unimpeachable authority, that the Roman Catholic Church in the island is going far beyond the terms of the pastoral letter. The Bishop of Gozo has instructed all monks and priests to ask Catholics seeking confession whether

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they propose to vote Yes in the referendum. Those who say they do are, in some cases at least, being refused absolution. In accordance with Canon Law Catholics who report these incidents are laying themselves open to ex-communication; for the secret of the Confessional is held to be binding on both parties."

Since in accordance with Canon Law the seal of the Confessional is only binding upon the priest, an elementary mistake by your unimpeachable authority seems to cast doubt on the whole story.

GRAHAM GREENE

Albany, London, W.1.

[Mr. Graham Greene has drawn our attention to a technical error, which we regret, in last week's editorial comment on Malta. It concerns, however, a minor point in our argument. Mr. Greene does not produce any evidence to show that the substance of the comment was incorrect. Indeed, since it was published, additional reports from Malta—which have appeared in numerous other periodicals and newspapers—amply confirm what we wrote.—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

PRINTERS' WAGES

SIR,—The existing wage rates and wage claims, quoted by your special correspondent in his report on the printing trade dispute, apply only to the London area, which is catered for exclusively by the London Typographical Society. The existing basic wage for the 51,000 members of the Typographical Association, which covers Great Britain (with the exception of London and Scotland) and Eire, is (grade I) £8 16s. 6d., and (grade II) £8 11s. 0d. Pending a settlement of the dispute there is no cost of living bonus, which was consolidated in the above wage rates on the termination of the last agreement in November 1955.

The T.A.'s claim is for one grade of £10 10s. 0d. The employers offer two grades of £9 15s. 0d. and £9 9s. 6d. in return for the drastic relaxation of rules governing recruitment into the industry.

The dissatisfaction engendered by the narrowing difference in pay between skilled and semi-skilled, which Mr. Willis emphasised on behalf of his members, is no less evident among members of the provincial Typographical Association, whose resentment has not been allayed by the present offer which confirms their inferior status in relationship to other craftsmen of comparable skill in the industry.

4 Richmond Way, Rickmansworth. R. C. GARRARD

GOLD COAST HOSPITALS

SIR,—I wish to draw attention to a statement by Mr. Fenner Brockway, in your issue of November 12, 1955, that "in the Northern Territories, regarded as backward, the number of hospitals has grown from three to thirty."

I was astonished to read this statement. The first figure I know to be false, the second impossible. As a medical officer in Colonial Medical Service, 1925-1941, I knew the Northern Territories intimately. There were seven African hospitals there, not three. But before writing to you I have written to the Chief Regional Officer of the Northern Territories, who informs me that there are now nine hospitals with medical officers, and there are forty-five dressing stations, or dispensaries, in charge of an African nurse.

Those of us who work in Africa (and are readers of your journal) have been long observant of the antagonism of Mr. Fenner Brockway and other Socialist M.P.s to the Europeans in Africa and of their readiness to belittle or ignore our achievements in this continent; and we have good grounds for fearing that the resentment they have inspired, especially in South Africa and in Central Africa, may have far-reaching and unhappy consequences for Britain.

Abosso, Gold Coast. F. M. PURCELL

[Fenner Brockway writes: Thirty should have been *thirteen:* a typographical error which I regret. My figures were based on a speech made by Dr. Nkrumah in Accra on June 13, 1955, in which he said: "There are now thirteen hospitals in the 26 constituencies in the Northern territories. There were exactly three before the C.P.P. came into power four years ago." I do not know the number of hospitals in 1941. I suspect that any discrepancy in the present figures is due to the difficulty of differentiating between a hospital and dispensary. I visited one which was between the two, with small wards and an operating theatre, but visited by a doctor only once a week. I have no desire to belittle the work of Europeans. Much of the development in the last four years is due to the skill and devotion of European officials. —Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—T. C. Worsley is right. We need a national repertory theatre if only to save the good from being swamped by the very good. How many times are we asked to see *Saint Joan*, when one of Shaw's lesser pieces would be more than welcome? How many more *Hamlets* must we sit through, before we get the chance of seeing *Arden of Feversham* or *A Woman Kill'd With Kindness?*

A national repertory theatre should, I suggest, be run along the following lines:

(1) There should be a constantly changing programme of plays, as we find at the Comédie Francaise, or at Covent Garden.

(2) Shakespeare should not be allowed to hog too much of the programme.

(3) Plays should be chosen from all periods of English drama, but they should always be plays which have some definite meaning for a modern audience.

(4) A fair proportion of modern English plays should be selected for revival.

(5) Occasional foreign plays should be selected for production, such as Brecht's *Mutter Courage*.

Grange Road, Cambridge. JOHN PARRY

Merlin and the Mechanical Seal

This couple are unlikely ever to meet. The Merlin is a tubular steel archery bow, the mechanical seal is a device which when fitted on a rotary shaft application of compressors, pumps or vessels seals off a differential in gas or liquid pressures. But the two have one thing in common; they are made by companies in two of the seven Divisions of Tube Investments.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Rubens in Politics

TODAY, in our economically minded age, secret, unprofessional diplomats tend to be businessmen. In the theologically minded past they were priests. In one age of history they were artists. In the early seventeenth century we often come across painter-diplomats—a Balthasar Gerbier or an Endymion Porter—flitting across frontiers on secret missions. And towering above them all there is always that prince of painters, Peter Paul Rubens, whose tomb in Antwerp commemorates him less as an artist, "the Apelles of our age", than as the ambassador who made peace, in 1630, between his friends and patrons, the art-loving Kings of England and Spain.

Nor were Charles I and Philip IV the only royal æsthetes in that art-loving age. In Paris the Queen-Mother, Marie des Médicis, intrigued against Richelieu in the auction-rooms as well as in the palace, and Cardinal Mazarin, dying, would sigh not for the past sins of his soul but for the future loss of his picture-gallery. In Munich the Elector Maximilian built up a famous collection of Dürers. In Prague reigned his great rival, the most magnificent and eccentric of collectors, the Emperor Rudolf II. And in the far North there was that fabulous bluestocking, Queen Christina of Sweden, whose armies would soon bring home to Stockholm the rifled treasures of both Munich and Prague.

How furiously these monarchs contended against each other in their cultivated zeal! How lamentably they sacrificed their political duties to their collectors' mania! How scandalously they cannibalised the galleries of their unfortunate brethren! Was the Duke of Buckingham being impeached for his political incompetence? Never mind, wrote Rubens, for "all the machinations of his enemies have never struck so near his heart as to divert his taste for pictures and *objets d'art*". Next year the Duke's expedition to the Isle of Rhé foundered dismally, and the clamour against him rose yet higher. Why had he failed? Because, protested the royal banker, the King had suddenly required him to divert all funds to a greater objective: the Duke of Mantua's famous picture-gallery, whose sale (to replenish the ducal circus of Polish and Hungarian dwarfs) sent a thrill of horror through Europe. The citizens of Mantua cried out in protest. Rubens, who had once served in Mantua, exclaimed that the Duke should have died first. But it was no good. Secretly outbidding both the Queen Mother and the Cardinal of France, Charles I swiped the prize. It was, he thought, his greatest triumph. Twenty years later his rivals had their revenge, in that tragic sale when Cardinal Mazarin, the King of Spain and the Governor of the Netherlands sent their agents to Whitehall "to get shares in the spoils of a murdered monarch".

In their love of art the Princes of the Church were not behind the Princes of the World. Defying the iconoclasm of the Reformers, the Catholic Church had resolved that art must be a new weapon of orthodoxy, and as it reimposed its rule over lapsed provinces it demanded for altar and palace new pictures to symbolise its dogmas, its victories and its power. The Jesuits and their great doctor Baronius supplied the subjects; the Inquisition jealously controlled the details; and the faithful, now restored to obedience and *taillables à merci*, paid the price. Buoyant, confident, dynamic, the Church called for an art that would reflect its mood. Nowhere was this more obvious than in the reconquered Southern Netherlands to which Rubens returned from Mantua in 1609. In that year a twelve-year period of peace began in which Church and State could repair the ravages of war. The New Order must advertise. Recovered by Spain, the Southern Netherlands not only enjoyed (for a brief time) the patronage of a resident archiducal court: they were also the advance-guard and the shop-window of Catholicism in the infidel North.

Such were the opportunities of Rubens's career. How splendidly he responded to them! "Each according to his gifts," he once wrote; "my talent is such that no undertaking, however vast or various, has ever surpassed my courage." And so he filled the new or rebuilt churches of Flanders with the triumphs of the Cross, the heroism of the saints, the mysteries of the Faith; at the same time he was court-painter to the King of Spain and the Princes of his far-flung *clientèle*—the Queen-Mother of France, the King of England, the Archdukes in Brussels, the Dukes of Mantua and Neuburg, the Republic of Genoa; and finally, since it was an age in which art and politics could not be separated, he found himself the political agent of that system of states which then seemed so firm but which the genius of Richelieu was soon to shake.

This intermixture of art and politics is admirably illustrated by Rubens's correspondence, now collected, translated and excellently edited by Dr. Magurn.* Did Rubens the diplomat go to Madrid to report and be instructed? Then we find him incidentally painting an equestrian portrait of the King and making friends with Velasquez. Did Rubens the painter go to Holland to meet another painter sent by Charles I and the Duke of Buckingham to consult him on art-purchases? Then we find them discussing the possibility of a peace treaty. And when Rubens the ambassador arrives in London, what do we find? His time is spent visiting and marvelling at the unexpected culture of that Northern court, "so remote from Italian elegance". King Charles descends upon him, eager to know and honour "a person of such merit", and in the intervals of negotiations he dashes off a couple of masterpieces and prepares to decorate Inigo Jones's Banqueting House at Whitehall. As for Marie des Médicis, if he supported her politics, how could he do less for so magnificent a patron? She had commissioned for her new Luxembourg Palace a great cycle of his works, while her hated enemy Richelieu had sought to transfer the commission to a politically sounder artist. Connoisseur though he was, the Cardinal was no more able than his contemporaries to sever art from politics.

Was Rubens then simply the propagandist of Spain and the Counter-Reformation? Certainly not. His letters reveal too keen a political intelligence for that. Devout though he was, he could write with real hatred of the Jesuits. Loyal though he was to the court of Spain, both as a cosmopolitan and as a Fleming, he distrusted its wooden severity, its lethargy and, above all, its refusal to leave the Netherlands in peace. Why could not the King of Spain abandon his impossible Northern ambitions, so ruinous to loyal Flanders? Why could he not treat with the Dutch "simply as allies of the King of England, without mention of liberty or any other title odious to His Majesty?" The Archdukes, his patrons, understood the needs of the country they governed. So did Spinola, the great Genoese general who fought the Spaniards' battles there. To Rubens, Spinola was "one of my greatest friends and patrons in the world"—what a pity he had such poor taste in art, understanding "no more about it than a street-porter".

These were the leaders whom Rubens served. "Surely it would be better," he once wrote, "if these young men who govern the world today—Olivares, Buckingham, Richelieu—would live in friendship with each other instead of throwing all Christendom into confusion by their whims." As for the ideologues who preached the crusade against Protestantism, "they are the scourges of God who carry out his work by such means." When his views went unheeded and the "young men" and the bigots used his peace with England only to intensify their war with Holland, Rubens even tried to make policy on his own. As Spanish ambassador in London, he paid a secret and unauthorised visit to his Dutch colleague and suggested a private peace between their two countries. Only when all such plans had failed, when Richelieu had raised up a coalition against Spain and driven Marie des Médicis as a refugee to Brussels, would the disillusioned apostle of peace underwrite the policy of Olivares and urge him, as the chosen instrument of Heaven, to establish the Pax Hispanica by force against the infamous Cardinal "who, in truth, has always devoted all his industry and power to undermine, insult and abase the monarchy of Spain".

Thus, if Rubens succeeded as a diplomatist, he failed as a politician. But ultimately he was neither diplomatist nor politician. He was an artist: the greatest, boldest, most variously gifted genius of the late Renaissance. Like Erasmus, like Voltaire, he became the friend and counsellor of kings, but was never corrupted by royal patronage. And so, when he had achieved his London Treaty, he resolved to escape from that "labyrinth" of diplomacy. The King of Spain, pleased with his success, would have made him a regular ambassador. But the professionals distrusted him as one who "practised an art and lived by the product of his work," and the Flemish nobility hated him as a mushroom of

* *The Letters of Peter Paul Rubens.* Edited by RUTH SAUNDERS MAGURN. *Harvard: Oxford.* 80*s.*

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FABER

the court: "all I have to say," the Duke of Aerschot wrote to him, "is that I should be glad that in future you should learn how persons in your position should write to those of my rank." So, as Rubens wrote,

> I decided to force myself to cut this golden knot of ambition in order to recover my liberty. . . . I threw myself at Her Highness' feet and begged, as the sole reward for so many efforts, exemption from further duties. . . . This favour I obtained, with more difficulty than any other she ever granted me. . . . Now for three years, by divine grace, I have found peace of mind, having renounced every sort of employment except my beloved profession.

Thus released, Rubens married again. Pressed to make a court marriage, he refused. He had had enough, he said, of aristocratic insolence, "and so I chose one who would not blush to see me take my brushes in hand." His last ten years were filled with prodigious artistic activity. He painted his new wife; he painted his castle of Steen and the Flemish landscape around it. If he thought of the great world in which he had once moved, it was always to remember, in the worst years of The Thirty Years War, his vainly pursued ideal, the ideal of peace "not only in Flanders, but also in Germany and throughout Christendom." At the height of his public career he had painted for Charles I the apotheosis of his father, *Rex Pacificus*. In his years of retirement he painted for the neutral Duke of Tuscany his great canvas *The Horrors of War*.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The series of Reassessments will be resumed next week with John Raymond on Churchill's THE WORLD CRISIS: 1911-1918.

The Welcome

The railway station with the wuided hill
Abuin it and below, the weill-kent toun
Quiet amang the music of the fields,
And I, returnand frae a faur-aff land,
Convalescent frae an ordeal's wounds,
Find you standand at the station yett
Peerand for your freends amang the fowk
Skailt by the train: nae mair the radiant Queyn
Wha led me til the altar when we wed,
But the woman you, marked by the warld and time,
Nae langer young, but aye with yon unseen
Corona round your head. My hert grouws calm
But I mak nae move til ye, as ane wha's tint
The richt to claim a welcome, yet you turn
And seeand me there, thrangand out with the lave,
In your spell of a voice, speak, no til but at me:
"Ah, there is one I know," and rax your hand
Til me—Guid kens deservand nae sic thing.
I tak your hand without a word and stand,
Our palms by gentle pressures in communion
Like that of lovers wha by time and use
Ken mair, being ane, nor ony words can say:
Forgiveness begged and given as atween
Fowk wha ken it is their wierd to hurt
And cross ilk ither, and forgive the sin
And sinner, as by destinie ordained
Because of what they are. I promise you
To come in the New Year, but your quick eyen
Speak back til me: "Come before the Year."
Nae ither freends arrivand, you gang doun,
While I turn til my ain wey, up the hill.
It aye had seemed a stiever ane to climb.

TOM SCOTT

Present and Correct

Bugles and a Tiger. By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph.* 16*s*.

Here is a book that offers the reader a view of India in the last decade or so of British suzerainty. It is a view through service-issue binoculars and the eyes behind them are those of the young John Masters. Throughout the book the author has maintained the youthfulness of that young man's vision. He was very young, and the view was necessarily limited, but it is as clear as a polished lens, and I think it is this, perhaps, combined with so assured a writing technique, that gives the book its special flavour.

It is autobiographical: a sort of "personal adventure" as the dust-jacket says: and it strikes me that possibly this form has bound the author's hands over-much—with the thread of his own life, with the need to be accurate and well mannered, loyal to friends, and that in particular it has bound him with the bonds of his devotion to the great regiment in which he served. As soon as he has set his stage, it is the 4th Prince of Wales' Own Ghurka Rifles that is placed in occupation: it is not the officers and men who together made up the corporate regiment (with special emphasis on the 2nd Battalion), but the concept of "Regiment" and the spirit that informed it, seem almost as a mistress through the eyes of a lover. This proud, almost mystical devotion is well conveyed to the reader so that he, too, though outside it, can comprehend its meaning.

There is no doubt at all about Mr. Masters's gifts. He writes with fluency and an easy strength, and often with great beauty. But his prime gift has seemed to me to be his storyteller's instinct, his ability to set down not necessarily what really did or did not happen but what is plausible and ought to be so, perhaps inevitably must be, given the scene and the characters he has prepared for us. *Bhowani Junction*—his novel of Anglo-Indian society in an upcountry railway community—was near to brilliant in its evocation of certain aspects of India, and in many of its characterisations. It was at once dramatic, fast-moving, it carried conviction and was full of pity and understanding. Here in his new book he has denied himself for the most part the sort of material he handles with such exceptional vigour and skill—the personal violence and the personal tension, the men and women passionately in love. This time he gives us a young man growing up, himself at Sandhurst aged 18, to himself at 24, a full lieutenant now in the 4th Ghurka Rifles, with World War II on the point of breaking out all over our heads. But the young John Masters—Jack—is somehow less alive to us than his fictional hero of *Bhowani Junction*—Lt.-Col. Savage of a fictional Ghurka regiment—for Mr. Masters has stopped short of developing for us his real-life characters in this "personal adventure"—that is to say, himself and his brother officers. None of them is allowed to take on the roundness of a three-dimensional figure. This is a pity, for we know that he can make his people live when he has a mind to. Here the names remain names, as on visiting-cards, or at roll-call, and the people to whom they belong are made to behave in an exemplary fashion, except for an occasional drinking-bout. The result for me was that I ceased to think of them as people at all and concentrated on the other business of the book.

Bugles, regimental life, manœuvres, festivals and sacrificial buffaloes with Ghurkas cradling their kukris and smiling their flat, sweet enigmatic smiles, then training-schemes and, of course, the Tiger of the title—it is all excellent, and it must be the defects in me that caused me to long for people and in particular for someone who would turn out to be a monster after all, for someone to do something ignoble, or at least slightly disgraceful—for someone to be less than present and correct. And when what I longed for happened, it was not a person at all who was being ignoble but a second concept to set in

apposition to the concept of "Regiment." It was "the Enemy," and alas for me "the Enemy" proved to be the people I have loved as Mr. Masters loves his Ghurkas—the Wazir and Mahsud tribesmen of the North-West Frontier, Pathans.

Yet, paradoxically, it is "The Enemy" that gives the author his material for some of the best writing in the book, the long passages about war in Waziristan and his part in it—for war it was, on that frontier in 1937. It is splendidly done: the heat of the battle, fatigue, fear, blood and agony and mutilation, courage, death: he does it very well indeed. I am even tempted to suggest that he needs violent stimuli in order to produce his best work, and the Pathans give it to him here. In gratitude he should have allowed them at least their panache.

Mr. Masters is a very good writer and this "personal adventure" of his will move thousands of men to remember it was just like that, and India held them, too.

PETER MAYNE

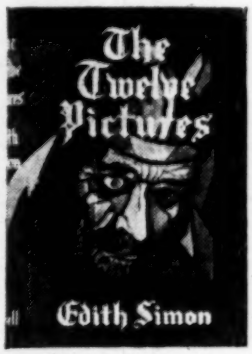
Failure of a Liberal

Memoirs of Michael Karolyi. Translated by CATHERINE KAROLYI. *Cape.* 35*s.*

Starry-eyed liberals, if they have the misfortune to be born on the Continent, are invariably tragic figures; and if they are aristocrats, they are also pathetic ones. Michael Karolyi's *Memoirs* confirm this regrettable truth. Karolyi was a Hungarian count of the highest rank, who inherited estates worth £25 million and was one of the only five foreigners ever elected to the Paris Jockey Club. The Magyar aristocracy was the most exclusive, arrogant and reactionary in Europe; yet Karolyi was brought up in a tradition of revolt. His family supported Kossuth in 1848 and kept alive a tradition of Hungarian nationalism and hatred of the Hapsburgs. As a student, Karolyi lived a life of dissipated luxury—his allowance was as large as the Hungarian prime minister's salary—but he read *Das Kapital* on the advice of his uncle. This curious mixture of liberalism and feudalism was mirrored in the government of Hungary itself in the years before 1914: embryonic democracy, with a regular parliamentary opposition, resting uneasily on a tradition of secret police, clerical intolerance, anti-semitism and systematic persecution of the Slav minorities.

As a liberal, Karolyi entered the Chamber of Deputies and joined the opposition. When war came, the old opposition leaders, who had opposed the pro-German policy of the Hapsburgs, compromised and Karolyi found himself isolated. He continued to advocate peace and a separate settlement with the Allies as the only means of preserving Hungary's pre-war frontiers; and he was the first to see that this would entail giving the vote to the minorities and breaking up the great estates. When the Balkan front collapsed in 1918, he was the only prominent politician who had not been discredited. He was asked to form a government, and when the Hapsburgs abdicated he became president of the first Hungarian republic.

Karolyi was not a success as a statesman. He allowed himself to be browbeaten and deceived in the armistice negotiations with the advancing Allied armies. He gave far too much authority to the unreliable Social Democrats, who in turn capitulated to the Communist, Bela Kun. The Republic was overthrown and replaced by a Communist dictatorship; Kun, a fool and a snob, postponed the application of Karolyi's land-reform; and the reactionaries, led by Horthy, returned to power in the baggage-train of the Roumanian army. Karolyi went into exile and became, by stages, a Socialist and a fellow-traveller. He was never a power in the emigré world and refused to lobby western politicians when anti-Fascism became respectable. Even in the Second World War he was not officially



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recognised by the Allies, and the British Foreign Office treated him with the contempt it reserves for foreigners who believe in democracy. When the Red Army overthrew the Horthy regime in 1944 Karolyi, as Hungary's most prominent liberal, should have returned at once and tried to establish a democratic regime. Instead, he hesitated for a year, and by the time he finally returned the Moscow-trained Communists, under Rakosi, were firmly established. Karolyi played no important part in post-war Hungarian politics. As a respectable figurehead, he was sent to Paris as minister. He protested against the Mindszenty trial and when Rajk was arrested he resigned. But Rakosi, who never seems to have treated him seriously, did not punish him and made no attempt to prevent him from leaving the country. For a man who was prominent in politics for nearly half a century, Karolyi made remarkably little impact on his times.

The clue to his failure lies in his birth. True aristocrats are often honest, unselfish and courageous, but they are never industrious. Karolyi's grandmother studied the piano under Chopin, but all she ever managed to play were a few airs from *Lilac Time*. Karolyi himself was a man of great integrity but he was quite incapable of performing the uninspiring task of day-to-day politics. As a party leader before 1914, he was never more than the spokesman, largely by virtue of his rank, of a loose group of like-minded idealists. When he became president, he had no political organisation, and had to rely, with disastrous results, on the Social Democrats. As an exile, he never even attempted to organise an alternative government. He was, as A. J. P. Taylor remarks, in his eloquent and moving introduction, "pure gold all through," but he had no business to be in politics. On his own admission, he could never speak to the workers except from a platform. He hated to hurt people's feelings. His tall, saturnine frame concealed a sentimental heart. Although a pacifist, he enlisted in 1914 because he wished to share the discomfort of the soldiers. He was appalled by corruption in the army but he did not raise the matter in the Chamber because he was unwilling to cause distress in his regiment. His Socialism was sincere and disinterested, but there is no evidence in his memoirs that he ever really understood what it was all about, or was prepared to accept the political hatchet-work involved in the creation of a Socialist society. Karolyi was an aristocratic liberal in the great nineteenth-century tradition; his vague political idealism was pre-Marxist, based on Diderot and the Encyclopaedists. Such men endow revolutions with dignity and elegance; but social change itself can only be effected by the less glamorous combination of anonymous workers and embittered intellectuals

PAUL JOHNSON

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The Worried Traveller

Stranger in Italy. By HUBERT KUBLY. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Books on Italy easily outnumber all other books of travel in the library. Their subject is the richest living museum in the world. It is only lately that we begin to have books on the Italian people. Mr. Kubly, who was teaching in an American university, left there on a Fullbright grant, to write one. He spent 14 months in Italy and, having a pertinacious gift for acquaintance, has written a very engaging and rambling book, packed with sharp and lively portraits of people and full of the affecting uproar of Italian life. His accounts of the *palio* or dionysiac horse races at Siena, of life on the starvation level in Naples, of the families in Northern Italy who keep machine-guns in their bedrooms and his wanderings in Sicily, are intimate and busy. He is a very good reporter. (One would, of course, have to be a very bad one in Italy, to miss the life of a people who are affectionate, unabashed, spontaneous, ready in heart and diabolically subtle, disabused and clever). There is a second, malign amusement to be had from Mr. Kubly: his unconscious self-portrait. He belongs to the large class of earnest, mild and worried Americans who are torn in half by the foreign policy of their government, who are consumed by self-criticism, who are worried by the washing-machine civilisation and are shocked by the hunger and poverty in the world. Why has the rich man's technique of buying off trouble not worked? Fundamentally he is wistful, prim, well-intentioned; inescapably he is narrow and condescending.

One can see how this has come about. His mission was to put a non-political smile on the stony, double face of the new bitch-goddess, called "international understanding and co-operation." More practically, he was driven by the unrewarding American obsession with anti-Americanism. Naturally America does not like to be hated; naturally, like all the rich, America has an inordinate desire to be loved, though common experience tells us that it is not safe to love the rich for long. What one most resents about the American preoccupation with anti-Americanism is that it is, itself, organised and aggressive. It is the gloomy shadow of economic power and benevolence. We are asked to concentrate on reviving the depressed spirits of our conquerors, to focus our attention on an alien generality, and on America's conflict with its own myth. In the end, as the pleasant Mr. Kubly discovered, after he had doggedly and honestly stood up to a very hostile and not very honest reception in Italy, the generalities did not matter; the individual alone counts anywhere. He perceived that American policy in Italy has amounted to co-operation with the Communists; and this leads one to the suggestion that Americans ought to be more concerned with pro-Americanism than with its opposite. But either concern is constricting to a writer who sets out to give an account of a foreign people. They live, after all, in their own right, not merely in relation to a great power; and about that relationship all he can tell us is that everyone he met first argued violently against America, then moved on—in Oxford Group fashion—to a confession of envy and love of what they hated. Next they hoped he could get them round the McCarran Act, through the old Italian technique of friendly corruption; and finally dropped him when they saw he couldn't and returned to their old belief that none are so unreliable as the great. Mr. Kubly returned home cured of his northern anonymity, stimulated by Italian vitality and troubled in conscience; the Italians returned to their wicked ingenuity, their affections, their pagan lack of dismay and to the unfailing resource of their sense of a personal role whether they were one-legged beggars or neurotic socialites dashing about Rome on Vespas. All we can say is that a kindly observer, who is rather too good at giving a twist to the talk and tales of random daily life, has allowed himself to be tied to a dull question.

For the rest, this is a towny book about the rich if disheartened mixture one meets by accident in pensions and in the streets. Things like the land situation in Calabria, the revival in Italian writing and the cinema, the rise to predominance of Italian fashion, provide no representative figures. In this sense Mr. Kubly's book is unorganised. All he could think of was America, except perhaps in Naples which conquered him; that is a good mark in his favour and he gives a well-informed and moving picture of the slum life of that city. Curiosity is his positive quality and in Italy curiosity is instantly rewarded.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Master of all Arts

In Search of Diaghilev. By RICHARD BUCKLE. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 30*s.*

I approached this book with apprehension and a touch of prejudice; the story of how the Diaghilev Exhibition had been arranged could so easily be a bore. The exhibition was all very well, but it had a good catalogue and what more could we want to know about it? The wrapper bears a photo-montage that looks like a poor revival from twenty years ago, and the illustrations are a mixture of masterpieces and scrap-album snaps. Sentences that catch the eye on first turning the pages are not encouraging. "Now, even as I raise my glass in the panelled grill-room of the Hyde Park Hotel . . . " "There was no sound to hear, and nothing to see but stars, the ballerina was quite alone with Lady Ripon's roses."

But I ended with the same admiration for the author as I had for the exhibition organizer, and with a touch of prejudice in his favour. Mr. Buckle more than anyone else has re-created the Diaghilev atmosphere. The sentences quoted above turn out to be among the bad productions of a productive company—the flops that were a pity at the time but are all right in retrospect. On this basis we learn to take the whole book at a gulp or gasp, and it is worth it. We already know who was who and which ballet was which; we can check the facts in fifty books. But what was the atmosphere? What produced the ballets, why did they happen? What sort of men and women hung on to the coat-tails and fringes of the myth? This wide-eyed attitude of Mr. Buckle's accounted for the success of the exhibition (165,000 people saw it in Edinburgh and London), and the book reflects it, too. He has two vital qualities: learning and love of the subject.

He fills out the story of the exhibition with informative scraps from the rehearsal rooms and crumbs from the designers' studios. Among the best of these are the small word portraits of Picasso, Cocteau, Gontcharova and Boris Kochno as they were seen behaving by the author. The central figure is by no means dim, either. Mr. Buckle never knew him, but after twenty years' study could pass an exam on him better than any of us, and builds up a picture with some unexpected clicks of the shutter.

One accepts and enjoys all this creation of atmosphere. At the same time one does not forget for a moment that Diaghilev was not at all con-

cerned with this kind of thing, except quite incidentally, during his twenty years' dictatorship. The lessons he could teach we cannot begin to learn from this book, or probably from any other—how to be a bold lover and fighter, a well-informed uncle and schoolmaster, and above all, how to be *right* on more than fifty per cent. of the important occasions in a creative life. He, to add to an artist's ordinary troubles, was directly responsible for the welfare of a howling pack of other good artists. In these days that are concerned (so we are told) with consolidation rather than with innovation we are apt to be overimpressed by his shock tactics, which at their most shocking were a product of the period as well as of the personality. For the more one learns about him the more one finds that he was never haphazard in his choices and judgments, and his particular genius—it must have been one of the most dangerous and destructive in the world if you happened to get on the wrong side of it—was as much the product of will-power and hard work as anyone else's. He trained himself to a thorough understanding of dancing and a capacity to read a score adequately, and he was evidently born with an appreciation of painting. He constantly confronted himself with other people's masterpieces, or man-made objects of quality, when not occupied with creating his own. That was the recipe: so simple. Think—in the abstract, and before the event—of the idea of commissioning André Bauchant to design a neo-classical ballet to Stravinsky's music (*Apollo Musagetes*). Or again, think of countering the particular sweet-sharpness of Poulenc with the particular sharp-sweetness of Marie Laurençin (*Les Biches*). Parallel ideas could occur to any impresario or choreographer today. And if they do, we shall have the beginnings of another Diaghilev.

JOHN PIPER

The Anglo-Saxon World

An Introduction to Anglo-Saxon England. By PETER HUNTER BLAIR. *Cambridge.* 30*s.*

Even in 1930 general ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon period could be excused, for although the foundations of our present understanding of the Anglo-Saxon world had been laid early in this century by Chadwick and Plummer, there were still no good general histories of the period. That excuse has long since gone. Professor Hodgkin's history with its beautiful illustrations first appeared in the nineteen-thirties to give the general reader a picture of this extraordinary civilisation. Since then we have had Professor Myres's account of the invasions, Sir Frank Stenton's general history of the period, Sir Thomas Kendrick's two volumes on Anglo-Saxon and Viking art, and Miss Whitelock's Pelican book on the social structure and the thought of the Anglo-Saxon world. Few periods of our history have been so generously described in general terms.

Nevertheless, even these excellent books are either specifically intended for the undergraduate or in some degree selective in their content. Mr. Hunter Blair's new book is a general history intended for the novice and it is, I think, a quite remarkably successful production. Although there are clearly aspects of the Anglo-Saxon world that interest him more than others, he has covered every field, and this in a manner scholarly and adequately detailed, yet broad in the proper sense that he relates his subject to the general framework of European civilisation and invests his material with imagination. Anyone who knows next to nothing of the period could, I think, read Mr. Hunter Blair's book and comprehend the essence of the subject.

What are the attractions that Anglo-Saxon history has to offer to the general reader? The first and to me the most appealing is that alone in English history the principal facts, indeed in some degree the details, of these six centuries may be satisfactorily comprehended by one reader—and this in every sphere of life, social,

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political, religious and intellectual. After 1100 or so there begins that gradual swelling of material that increasingly demands specialisation. The broad essentials of Anglo-Saxon political and military history are comprised in Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles; to enrich this picture come a hundred fascinating hints from other sources—from British and Roman historians, from the lives of the saints, from place names, from aerial photography, and, of course, from excavation. To understand the sketchy, obscure picture, the Anglo-Saxon historian must study the literature and art of the age, he is forced to see his subject in relation to the Celtic world of Ireland and Wales, to the Scandinavian world of North West Europe and to the civilisation of the Roman Church. The sparseness of his material forces upon him a comprehension that historians of other periods can and do evade.

Secondly, for the general reader, the Anglo-Saxon centuries offer a general pattern which is peculiarly interesting today. England from the fifth to the eleventh centuries saw five periods of serious invasion, and, if the last of these, the Norman Conquest, offered no cataclysmic threat to the civilised life of the country, the two Anglo-Saxon and the two Scandinavian invasions all in varying degrees may be said to have done so. Our growing knowledge of the period tells us that the invasions were never so sudden, the collapse of civilisation before them never so complete, the invaders never so entirely destructive as used to be thought. This is surely a lesson we may ponder today. Thirdly, no period of English history brings the reader so close to the real nature of historical study. It is not possible to read the general history of these centuries without facing the problem of historical evidence, how much and in what way to estimate the sources—and this in all fields, documents, archæology, place names and folk tradition.

Bound up with this technical fascination is what may be called the "mystery" fascination of the period—Anglo-Saxon history abounds in highly controversial problems of interpretation. Some of these problems will never be solved, others may be explained tomorrow, for our knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon age is being changed yearly by new and often random finds that demand to be included in our picture. The Anglo-Saxon period with its archæology and its place names lies close to the geography and topography of our island. We have come to see the shape of England in a North to South line, yet the Celtic civilisation stretched West to East from Ireland through Scotland to Northumbria, as did the Norwegian power that stretched from Ireland to York; Cnut's Empire ran East from Scandinavia to the Bristol Channel. To change our viewpoint in this way is a valuable imaginative exercise. In this period, too, lie our racial origins; and here Mr. Hunter Blair, a true pupil of Chadwick's, does more than any historian I know. His pictures of the Celtic, Frisian and Viking worlds are some of the best features of his book. But all these aspects of Anglo-Saxon history are additional to the central wonder—Anglo-Saxon civilisation itself. In the British Museum alone we can see the Lindisfarne Gospels with the Byzantine and Celtic traditions of art between the same covers, the incredible riches of a sixth-century East Anglian king in the Sutton Hoo treasure, the Franks casket with scenes from three separate worlds, the rhythmic glories of the drawings of the Winchester School. Three human beings alone can raise our sense of wonder as in no other age—Bede, the seventh-century monk who never went farther than from Jarrow to York and yet saw history essentially as we do; Boniface the eighth-century West Country monk who evangelised Germany; and Alfred who, after a career of military genius, turned at forty in the midst of his problems as King of England to learn Latin and lay the foundations of a new, rich scholastic learning by his own translations.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

Oh, Rare Chris Marlowe!

The Man Who Was Shakespeare. By CALVIN HOFFMAN. *Parrish.* 15*s.*

In the winter of 1936 Mr. Hoffman, sojourning on the south shore of eastern Long Island, found himself unable to write. Concluding that the next best thing was to read, he borrowed Kyd, Greene, Lyly, Marlowe and Jonson, and gave the better part of more than an entire month to their study. This lavish expenditure of time brought its reward. Mr. Hoffman had a sudden thought. Stung by its splendour, he went on his travels, "shivered in the dampness of venerable archives and in the musty atmosphere of libraries whose book-lined shelves had remained undisturbed for centuries," had much traffic with "decaying churches and old universities," and finally

> uncovered a real-life literary "thriller," complete with murder, brawls, duels and normal and abnormal sexuality. A violent, crimson-coloured pattern unfolded itself, with England as the background and the splendidly barbaric Elizabethan era as the setting.

What Mr. Hoffman had in fact uncovered was a fantasy which any concocter of radio playlets might envy, and which in America—where things happen in so big a way—would inflate into a "historical" novel: a literary kind to which Mr. Hoffman might congruously carry his striking prose style. The fantasy is as follows. Christopher Marlowe, booked for serious trouble with the Privy Council, fortunately has a powerful protector in his scandalous lover, Sir Thomas Walsingham. So he is smuggled abroad and it is given out that he has been killed in a brawl—this deception being rendered the more colourable by the simple expedient of murdering another man and passing off his body as the dramatist's. Marlowe never comes home, but in his exile he pours out plays and poems. What is to be done with them? How can they be delivered to the world without arousing suspicion?

The answer to these questions is surely obvious. Enter our old friend William Shakespeare, the Stratford clown. He had no education—certainly not enough "to construct a complex sentence"—and so where could you find anybody upon whom the plays and poems could be more plausibly fathered? It is fair to remark that a certain hesitation, even obscurity, attends Mr. Hoffman's thought at this point. He would like to suppose that the main impact of the deception came only with the publishing of the First Folio, seven years after Shakespeare's death, when the clown was out of reach of inconvenient interrogations; and a glimmering of residual difficulty here moves him to the extraordinary statement that the bulk of the twenty plays first printed in the Folio had never been produced on the stage. The same glimmering produces, we must suppose, the following gnomic sentences:

> Why did Shakespeare's friends and his literary acquaintances remain silent for seven long years? I submit that the formal tag "William Shakespeare" was a trade name of the time. I submit that the reason why Shakespeare was not eulogised was that his friends did not know him as an author of any sort.

Feeling that we have heard this before, we murmur, "Ben Jonson?" But Mr. Hoffman's response is firm. Jonson was not, it seems, a nice man, being in fact "the 'glamour boy' of the early seventeenth century, lionized to an unusual degree." This acclaim depraved him, and he "would have written anything for money." It is comforting to be able to assure Mr. Hoffman that his own notoriety is unlikely to last long enough for any similar deterioration to set in.

J. I. M. STEWART

A Heart of Stone?

Strawberry Fair: Biography of Frances, Countess Waldegrave: 1821-1879. By OSBERT WYNDHAM HEWETT. *Murray.* 18*s.*

The Victorian hostess, "last of the great ladies," Frances Lady Waldegrave, could hardly have had a more unpromising start in life. She was born in 1821, daughter of a Jewish opera singer but, to look at, a golden-haired, blue-eyed English rose. While still in her teens she married a Mr. Waldegrave, hardly out of his, the elder, illegitimate, brother of Lord Waldegrave. The two brothers, who were inseparable, were almost idiots; their sole occupations were gambling, shooting, drinking and beating up old women. Mr., Mrs., and Lord Waldegrave lived cheerfully together at Strawberry Hill for a year or so, until Mr. Waldegrave had a fit, or delirium tremens, and died. His widow then married her brother-in-law. Soon after the wedding the bridegroom was sent to prison for assaulting a policeman after knocking up a woman who kept a mangle. "When Lord Waldegrave arrived in the Queen's Bench he proceeded to the coffee room of the prison. He has the apartments over the lobby. . . ." Lady Waldegrave joined him. "We are as comfortable as can be—have our own servants . . ."—and soon they were giving delightful parties.

When Lord Waldegrave had served his sentence he sold Horace Walpole's collections and left Strawberry Hill an empty shell. This was to avenge himself on the Borough of Twickenham, whose bench had sent him to the assizes. On the sixth anniversary of his wedding he died of cirrhosis of the liver. Both the Waldegrave brothers left everything to Frances, who now owned several large country houses, huge estates and some £20,000 a year. Having had enough of jolly young hooligans, she took in 1847 as her third husband a sixty-year-old Mr. Harcourt of Nuneham Park. He was to teach her the ways of the world and was soon a good deal too successful for his own peace of mind.

Frances became a political hostess. The parties were in splinters, nobody could form a durable

government, nobody could work with anybody else. "So much selfishness and intrigue that no reliance can be placed on what is to come." In these troubled waters Lady Waldegrave fished for admirers and soon landed an outsize bag, which included the whole Liberal party, not a few Tories, all the Ambassadors and most of the Royal Family. We like her better when she was being Wendy to the Waldegraves. Poor old Mr. Harcourt never had her to himself, never had another moment of peace. When they went abroad half the House of Commons would pop up in their path, even when they were stranded in an Alpine snowstorm a young Secretary of State happened to be sheltering in the same mountain hut. He was a Mr. Fortescue, perhaps more madly in love with her than anybody. He gave up his mistress and devoted his life to the "darling lady." Unfortunately Lady Waldegrave was strictly virtuous; poor Mr. Fortescue broke out in spots and stammers, became a shadow of his former self and jeopardised his political career with attacks of nerves.

However, Mr. Harcourt mercifully died. Richer than ever, she was free to reward Mr. Fortescue for eleven years of chaste devotion. Though now 42, she went to the altar in a white lace crinoline. The whole thing was too much for some spiteful person, who wrote over the signature of "Bluemantle" to the *Daily Telegraph* and queried her right to go on calling herself Lady Waldegrave. A thousand swords flew from their scabbards in her defence and "Bluemantle" must have been thankful that he had not revealed his identity. Lady Waldegrave she remained, even after Mr. Fortescue was raised to the peerage.

Everything pleases in this amusing book except its heroine. She was too much of a good thing, and under all the charm, vitality, beauty and sex appeal we sense a heart of stone. Perhaps great hostesses are never really human.

NANCY MITFORD

New Novels

Beasts and Men. By PIERRE GASCAR. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Solo. By STANFORD WHITMORE. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Gretta. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Spy in the House of Love. By ANAÏS NIN. *Neville Spearman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Not Yours the Island. By DANIEL NASH. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Pierre Gascar won the equivocal honour of a Goncourt Prize with *Les Bêtes* and *Le Temps des morts*, published in 1953. These have now been translated—very skilfully—by Jean Stewart; and they prove, on re-reading, that the embraces of a prize committee need not always amount to the kiss of death. The book consists of six short stories, and a *conte* describing the author's experiences as a grave-digger in the German P.O.W. camp at Rawa-Ruska, here called "Brodno." This is a powerful, subdued piece of writing, reflective but taut like the unnatural leisure of one in solitary confinement. The earlier stories likewise explore the macabre hinterlands of human experience, revealed by contact with brute beasts. The animals here are cats, horses, cattle for the slaughter-house, giant rats, and killer dogs. There's no false sympathy, no bridge into the animals' territory: only the flat alien meeting of utter strangers. Sometimes the tone is that of an Algernon Blackwood, hypnotically yarn-spinning with faint pretension; but at their best these stories have a depth and prismatic strangeness that recalls the early serious work of William Sansom, still echoing Kafka, the master of both.

Similar isolation, an alien solitude, is the theme of *Solo*, a long, high-powered first novel by a young American with an improbable name. Its setting is the passion-and-chromium world of Chicago jazz, tearing through the author's impressionist prose like a Stan Kenton brass section:

> His heel: one, two—and they were in it, Jaeger's *Iceberg T*, all of them together, soft and clean and cool, gliding along at half-throttle in the shadows . . .
>
> . . . Now he set his feet wide and blasted his choruses right into the faces. He was a rough, swinging, blowing fool. "Go, man, *go!*" the audience shouted, and Nick went—all trombone, hips and stomp, blowing off to a world of his own.

These virtuoso high-notes, with all the showy screech of a name band, reveal *Solo's* weakness as well as its strength. Set authentically enough in the world of Jellyroll, Rubberlips, and Satchmo, it tries to tell a Peer Gynt or a Hamlet story—the story of a proud and solitary piano man, "the last individual in the world," feared and envied by ambitious rivals, smashed but not defeated by an old jazz moghul and by the final solitude of deafness. Virgil Jones is no Beethoven; but his playing comes wonderfully alive. Only the over-insistence of the writing, and the unsubtlety of its Blacks and Whites, betray the good jazz of this book into the snare of be-bop and swing.

If *Solo* is clearly a young man's book, *Gretta* has all the surface gloss of a professional job. Erskine Caldwell's new novel, according to its blurb, concerns the theme of love and loneliness; but neither of these does it properly explore. Gretta, certainly, is lonely: a secretary in a small American town, she solaces her loneliness by a kind of compulsive harlotry. This leads at last to a marriage full of hope and repentance: but old habits, set on by a childhood trauma, persist to wreck her uneasy idyll. All this could have been a poignant study of guilt and conflict, or—as its author may have intended—a drama of slow inevitability. But the idyll is too banal to be moving, and the tragic climax seems planned rather than destined for those it overtakes.

A Spy in the House of Love marks another stage in the modern apotheosis of the prostitute. Sabina, its heroine, seeks love in different forms from five

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men: her husband, the embodiment of trust, and four lovers who each in turn offer desire, illusion, neurosis, and childish affection. But none of these, as she is told at the end of the story, is really love: "the lie detector," a kind of psychological private eye, advises her to accept and wait. All of which might be the moral of a simple domestic tale of suburban adultery: but Anaïs Nin's aims, nourished perhaps by Henry Miller and a reading of D. H. Lawrence, are more ambitious than this. Her prose is elaborately wrought and polished, sometimes sensitive and often purple beyond belief. *Women in Love* looks like the source for at least one of the episodes—"He had injected into her body his own venomous guilt for living and desiring"; but Lawrence's purpose was far more profound and general than that of *A Spy in the House of Love*.

After such pleasures the reviewer turns, breathing heavily, to the quieter world of *Enosis* riots in Cyprus. These form the setting for Daniel Nash's new political thriller, *Not Yours the Island*. I'm not at all sure to whom this title is addressed: seemingly anti-British, it in fact masks a rather apologist book. The villains of the piece, quite simply, are a political Bishop, the Greek government, and the Communists: the Army is kindly but insensitive, and the Cypriots are divided in their allegiance. The problem is brought to a head when an island girl marries a British sergeant: the rest you can probably guess. Mr. Nash handles the situation with some adroitness and a good eye for local colour: the book has topical interest, and occasional insight into native traditions apparently underrated by Foreign Office officials.

RICHARD MAYNE

Gramophone Records

WHEN Queen Victoria died her subjects, it is said, could hardly bring themselves to believe it. So it is with Mr. Sackville West. He has written these notes for as long as I can remember and there is something rather indecent about succeeding him. Moreover, he has for so long been my own final court of appeal in the matter of gramophone records that readers, who crossly observe that his name no longer stands at the foot of this column, may be sure that I feel the deprivation equally keenly.

Mr. Sackville West was really the last of a heroic breed of reviewers. For, apart from specialist papers, he alone continued to notice almost every record with any claim to attention. For reasons of space and editorial policy, as well as of time and energy, it has now been thought wise to abandon any pretence to completeness and to write about records as and when they fall conveniently into groups. Thus, while I trust that no really outstanding issue will be overlooked, they may well not be noticed in the month of their arrival, and some worthy records, including no doubt the fifteenth recording of the Pastoral Symphony, will have to be missed altogether. I well realise that this may anger the more avid collectors, but I would suggest to them that, just as no paper of this sort claims to review all the books that are published, so it is now impracticable to write about anything more than a fraction of the records that appear.

After some hesitation I have decided not to use Mr. Sackville West's system of stars as a measure of approbation. To do so would, I think, be misleading. In the past a star in this column has usually indicated a subsequent award in *The Record Guide* and that will no longer be the case. Undoubtedly useful as a ready means of reference, I sometimes wonder if they do not lead to rigidity. So many people reject without further thought any record that has not received two stars. A final point: I have only one critical dogma, which is that, important though first-rate recording is, I infinitely prefer an adequate recording of a first-rate performance to a stunning recording of a mediocre performance. But so that high fidelity enthusiasts can judge on what evidence recordings are described as good or bad, I should perhaps add that the equipment on which they will be played is as follows: Goodman 12-inch bass speaker paired with Kelly ribbon tweeter; and a Rogers Junior Amplifier and control unit modified to match a Collaro transcription motor and pick-up with a diamond stylus.

* * *

Oratorio looms large in this month's lists. While our grandfathers worshipped at this shrine, we have today swung rather far in our disdain. Of course the oratorio tradition has stifled the growth of opera in this country and it is a melancholy thought that, after years of operatic failure, Handel only achieved success when he abandoned the theatre for the concert hall and selected religious texts for his music. No doubt the moralistic streak that has always obliged us to dress up our foreign policy in terms of ethical imperatives is equally potent in the arts.

Now that the prejudice against opera is rapidly disappearing in all but some academical musical circles, the real trouble with oratorio in this country is rather that its tradition is geared to an absurdly narrow choice of works, and that, splendid though our choirs are, general musical standards, notably of solo singing and orchestral accompaniment, are often less good. This was brought home to me by an admirable performance and recording on three DGG discs of Haydn's *The Creation*. The St. Hedwig's Choir from Berlin is certainly no match for the Huddersfield body in sheer splendour of sound and attack. But under Igor Markevitch they often excel in quieter and more poetic passages. The whole performance is cast in a subdued vein that emphasises the modest *Singspiel* elements in much of the solo writing rather than the massive Handelian aspect; and indeed were it not so very well done, it might not entirely escape the charge of anæmia. Irmgard Seefried, in particular, pecks away at her notes in the daintiest way; and it is only in the third part, where Adam and Eve emerge and gaze in wonder on the world about them (how marvellously all this part, and notably the introduction and the duet "Holde Gattin," speaks of the goodness of living) that she gives her full voice and sings as well as she can. But vocally the understanding performance comes from Kim Borg, who is, I believe, to sing Don Giovanni at Glyndebourne this year, and who is as magisterial in the part of Raphael as he is tender in that of Adam.

Far, far removed from this happy, guiltless world of Haydn, is the obsessive gloom of Brahms's *German Requiem* (two DGG discs), a work that is the musical embodiment of *weltfremd* Lutheranism. I cannot say that I find Brahms on the whole at his best in choral music, or that this Requiem, impressive though it is in its laboured way, shows his genius at its most powerful, not to mention lovable. In particular it suffers from a rhythmic sluggishness and lack of variety, or at any rate seems to do so in Fritz Lehmann's flaccid and pedestrian reading. The St. Hedwig's Choir is in general much less good than in *The Creation*, and their singing lacks in particular the incisive rhythm and firmness of line that is essential in big contrapuntal passages like "Herr, du bist würdig." Maria Stader and Otto Wiener are competent enough soloists, but with rather sluggish playing from the Berlin Philharmonic and what is by DGG standards a patchy and somewhat plummy recording, all this does not add up to a particularly attractive issue.

To my mind Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, which has appeared on two excellent Philips discs with a rather bright quality of sound that somehow fits the orchestral writing, is not only much more enjoyable and less piety-soaked, but in the main music of a higher order. Certainly it should convert those who persist in regarding Berlioz as a rather disreputable orchestral circus, whereas he is surely not only a supreme orchestrator but an equally great melodist. There is certainly nothing extravagant or *outré* about the lovely, cool line of "The Repose of the Holy Family,"

where Berlioz entirely transcends the religiosity so common in this sort of music in the nineteenth century. And how extraordinarily graphic and dramatic is his imagination. Take as an example the haunting clarinet figure that so exactly describes Herod's unease as he recalls his dream; or the remarkable sense of movement in the music that accompanies the narration of the Journey in Egypt; or the astonishing manner in which an orchestral passage depicts the bustling activity of the Ishmaelites as they make the emigrants comfortable. Berlioz often suffers in the hands of his interpreters, but fortunately Thomas Scherman, who conducts the Little Orchestral and Choral Art Society, understands the subtle contours of this music and there is some competent singing from Léopold Simoneau. Only Mary Davenport's ample, untidy contralto spoils an excellent recording.

Mozart's *C Minor Mass*, which has appeared on two ten-inch Philips discs that are rather indifferent from a technical point of view, is, like his *Requiem*, an unfinished and uneven work. This recording, in which Rudolf Moralt conducts the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Chorus, follows the usual Schmitt version, except in the "Credo in unam sanctam," which is heavily abbreviated (without much loss). Moralt's tempi are vital and the choir sings with firm line and buoyant rhythm. The soloists are competent, Theresa Stich-Randall in particular combines a smooth legato line with flexibility, and Hildegard Rössl Majdan sings consistently well. An acceptable if not an outstanding disc. The same can hardly be said for Vox's recording of Bach's short *Easter Oratorio*. This work, which is sometimes known as the cantata "Kommt eilet und laufet" is not to be compared to Bach's great oratorios. The performance of the Vienna Pro Musica Chamber Orchestra and the Akademie Choir under Grossmann is at best mediocre, and the recording, while bright and generally clear, is a little raw and lacks depth. The undistinguished soloists are anonymous.

Finally a brief reference to a few romantic chamber music recordings. A Vox record that contains nearly 60 minutes of music in the shape of Schumann's E major Piano Quintet and Piano Quartet is good value for those who do not fuss unduly about superlative performance and recording. The Barchet Quartet and Walter Bohle give fresh, unaffected and lyrical performances, and, with the exception of an uneloquent 'cellist, the lovely quintet is particularly pleasurable. The quartet is, of course, in spite of the melodic charm of the andante with its touching close, a lesser work. In an otherwise decent recording there is some pre-echo and a little distortion at the end.

Brahms's B flat Sextet (Philips) is his first essay for strings alone and there are moments when it sounds like it, for some of the writing is thick and rhythmically heavy. None the less, it contains countless passages of Biedermeier charm and some, notably in the closing pages of the andante, of real eloquence. The recording is most acceptable and the Prades Festival performance good, even if not entirely homogeneous. For while Casals tends to ruminate in a subdued manner, Isaac Stern in particular adopts a more vital and forthright style. On an HMV disc there are recordings of Brahms's G major and D minor violin sonatas played by Giaconda de Vito and Edwin Fischer. Here is the mature Brahms writing with fluent mastery. By this stage of his life the sensuous air of Vienna had entered into his stern old Lutheran soul and this glowing autumnal music is miles removed from the earlier *Requiem*. De Vito and Fischer take a subdued approach to the music and bring off tender and deeply felt performances, notably of the G major sonata. There are moments when de Vito perhaps carries this restraint rather far and fails to embrace a phrase as passionately and steadily as she might. But I have had considerable enjoyment from this record.

PETER HEYWORTH

City Lights

Plug Happy

There is now, clearly, a traditionally proper way in which to play the part of Chancellor. In public, he must be something between a games master and a W.E.A. lecturer, jovial yet a good disciplinarian, with a strong respect for the decent simple proverbial kind of wisdom and a knack of driving home the immutable tautologies of Home Service economics with a homely simile.

Mr. Macmillan has picked up the part quickly. If his first appearance gave his audience very little hint of the new ideas with which he is credited ("cryptic"—*Manchester Guardian*, "disappointing"—*Financial Times*), it left no doubt that he feels at home in his new role. His considered diagnosis of the country's malaise ("standard"—*The Times*, "brilliant"—*Sunday Times*) is one of inflation; its symptoms, he finds, are the sharp rise in prices and the deteriorating trade balance, its origin, he considers, lies in the excessive demands of industry, wage-earners and Governments on the resources available (there is no specific mention of 350,000 houses). His new approach is to visualise the economy as an overloaded circuit, out of which he will have to pull a plug or two.

There were one or two small straws for the curious to glean from the speech—a suggestion that the trouble lies deeper than the banking system, for example, and a direct snub to the campaign for stabilising prices. But the commentators who found in it a turning-away from monetary policy and a nostalgia for controls were reflecting the general current of opinion; the Chancellor was careful not to commit himself. In fact, after so many months of uncertainty, the City is prepared for a new approach to economic problems and a basic shift in policy; the Chancellor's first speech was disappointing because it showed so little originality. But it did nothing, at any rate, to dispel the growing anticipation of a tough Budget. One City magazine has already carried an article exploring the possible effect on share prices of a sharp increase in distributed profits tax.

* * *

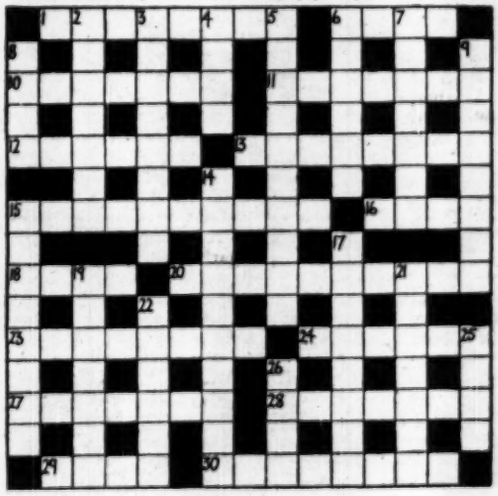
Mr. Macmillan laid no particular stress on the part played in last year's crisis by the investment boom; the point perhaps had been sufficiently made for him the day before, when the Board of Trade published the first results of its inquiry into industrial investment plans. Until last year, capital investment in manufacturing industry had not risen at all, in real terms, for five years; last year, the inquiry suggests, it rose suddenly by 18 per cent.

A comparison of investment forecasts for 1955 and 1956 suggests that investment will rise a further 17 per cent. this year. Plans may be revised. Actual spending in 1955 was considerably smaller than the amount forecast, though the level was rising as the year went on; this year the credit squeeze and the slackening growth of consumer demand will reinforce raw material shortages as a reason for hurrying slowly. But the figures suggest that—barring a sharp and early reduction in the defence programme and the rate of new house-building—the recovered faith of industry in its future will be as embarrassing in 1956 as it was in 1955.

The motor car and paper industries, both of which pushed up their capital expenditure by more than half last year, propose to expand rather more slowly in 1956; the upsurge this time will be in steel and chemicals. The shortage of basic materials which the country has experienced recently makes this change of emphasis welcome; at the same time, it is unlikely that investment plans in these industries will be appreciably affected by the squeeze on credit or short-term fluctuations in demand.

Week-end Crossword No. 190

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 190, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 21.



ACROSS

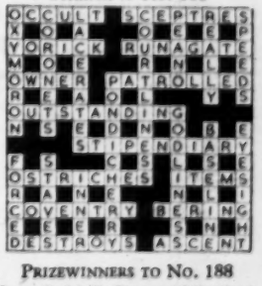
1. Oddly posted in charge of the supreme commander? (8).
6. Sign for Charlotte's headmistress (4).
10. Gay heroine has a festive drink (7).
11. Remedy for no play (7).
12. Wit found in the articles Pritchett writes (6).
13. Concerning a snake concealed in the piano perhaps (8).
15. Christiana's escort produces two articles in a converted garret (10).
16. Rebuff for returning food (4).
18. Points for the preceding (4).
20. Kind of verse the muses conclude after a change of scene (10).
23. Left a pig in its product (8).
24. The boy is an organist at heart (6).
27. They are very close and are in the youngsters' place (7).
28. One of refined taste finished with a good remedy (7).
29 and 25. "In russet —— and honest kersey ——" (*L.L.L.*) (4 and 4).
30. Have a close look at the sleepers in light clothing (8).

DOWN

2. In the darkness there are short cuts from one point to the same point (7).
3. Nationalists are evidently violent in Ireland (8).
4. Divide up the gin (4).
5. Those who are against infringement of copyright are in the plot (10).
6. Boot necessary when the relatives are on the vehicle (6).
7. "Not, I'll not, —— comfort, Despair, not feast on thee" (Hopkins) (7).
8. Illness which puts an end to a capital city (4).
9. Ready to be led though having the last word first (8).
14. A sailor rising in the sea is festive (10).
15. Drink is a snare and a weapon (8).
17. Historian who needs a coin catalogue (8).
19. Shots fired in drunken fury? (7).
21. Contain the material for all of Dulcinea but her ending (7).
22. We are in a star's embrace and jointures are provided (6).
25. See 29.
26. Gamble on a fairly good result (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 188



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 188

Capt. J. M. E. Gareze (Gibraltar), J. H. Rule (Lanark), J. T. Naylor (Derby).

Oil refining falls under the heading of chemicals; on the day the new forecasts were published, British Petroleum quietly announced that it proposed to spend £19½m. on expanding its Kent refinery. This, plus the £6½m. extension announced in November and the major tanker-building programme, is only the first stage of the heavy investment which will be needed over the next few years. TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,355

Set by Allan O. Waith

Hilaire Belloc capped the virtuous Isaac Watts's line

Birds in their little nests agree

by adding

With Chinamen but not with me.

The usual prizes are offered for an equally deflating addition to any other well-known first line of verse. Entries by February 21.

Result of No. 1,352

Set by Arthur Marshall

A French translation of E. M. Forster's *Howard's End* has appeared under the title *Le Legs de Mrs. Wilcox*. Competitors are invited to invent stimulating French titles for any six English novels.

Report

Heavens, the trickiness of translation. I am assured that a French sculpture entitled *Torse d'une Jeune Fille* also bore for English visitors the words *Maid's Trunk*. I have seen the film sub-title *Passons au buffet* screened as an adequate rendering of "Come arn everybardy, what say we go raid the Wannamakers' ice-barx?" but what to put instead? *Escamotons à Madame Wannamaker des friandises frappées* looks, somehow, wrong.

Few gifted regulars shirked this difficult competition and Gascs were loyally whipped out and genders brushed up. Six titles proved in all cases far too many. I had hoped that the combination of *Legs* and *Wilcox*, admirable name though it be, would show that oddity and comicality were intended. Alas, several entries were woefully plain: *La Ballade et La Source* really gets us nowhere. E. J. Bell provided some merry misunderstandings: *The Queen's Quair—Une Drôle de Reine*. As so often with our jolly race, the word "French" had a disastrously saucy effect on many. If the West Malling competitor is really wondering whether he went too far, he did, wittily and quite unprintably. The prizes, rather easily come by this week, are divided among those who follow:—

J'épousai le Patron—Jane Eyre (GOODWILL).

La Petite Pièce sur Le Derrière—The Small Back Room (NADINE PEPPARD).

Déesse Sans Bras—Appointment with Venus (RODNEY EXTON).

Presque Nue—Without My Cloak (VERA TELFER).

Edmond Protège sa Fanny—Mansfield Park (ALLAN M. LAING).

Les Malheurs des Anglaises—The Well of Loneliness (ESMÉ KELLY).

Pêcheur d'Irlande—Ulysses (LEO SPERO).

Le Bagage du Garde-chasse—Lady Chatterley's Lover (J. R. TILL).

Napoléon était un Cochon—Animal Farm (H. G. B.).

The Chess Board

No. 331. Quod Licet Jovi . . .

At Karlsbad 1907 Maroczy, by winning his last-round game against Janowski, had nearly but not quite caught up with Rubinstein who merely needed a draw to win the undivided 1st prize; and since his opponent was H. Wolf, one of the minor lights of that great tournament, it seemed a foregone conclusion. As a matter of fact, after a dozen moves of fairly placid play Wolf (White) offered a draw, and Rubinstein caused quite a sensation by refusing the offer; but when after another dozen moves this position was reached, the hall, once again, buzzed with excitement, for everybody could now see how by (24) . . . R-KR4 Rubinstein could force a brilliant win in 4 or 5 moves (so easy a combination, indeed, that it can serve as the 4-pointer for beginners this week). The master sat brooding over the position with fierce concentration, and everybody was wondering why Rubinstein had to think so hard for so simple a combination; and everybody gasped with anguish when at long last, instead of the obvious R-move, the master played (24) . . . B-R3. The sequel came very quickly.

(25) Kt-Kt2	BxB	(28) Kt-K5	Q-B2
(26) RxB	RxR	(29) Kt-Q3	Q-QB5
(27) KtxR	Q-QB5	(30) Kt-K5	Q-B2

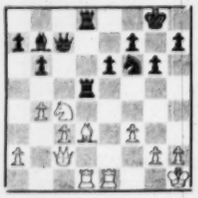
Here Rubinstein offered the draw which was readily accepted. "Didn't you see R-R4? Didn't you see the mate?" stormed the master's friends. "Of course I saw it," said Rubinstein calmly; "who wouldn't?"—"Then why didn't you play it?"—"I only needed half-point."—"But why then didn't you accept Wolf's offer in the first place?" Here Rubinstein rose from the board with all the dignity of a grandmaster. "With Wolf," he said, "I make a draw when I want it, not when he wants it!"

I found this story in the new English edition of Fred Reinfeld's *Treasury of Chess Lore* (*Arco Publ.* 18 sh.), a bulky book full of amusing anecdotes on masters and "woodpushers," as well as on chess players such as Rousseau, Ruskin, de Musset, Dickens, Buckle (who was, of course, renowned as a chess master no less than as a historian). The final chapter contains a good many apt quotations of which I liked best one by Emanuel Lasker: "In life we are all duffers."

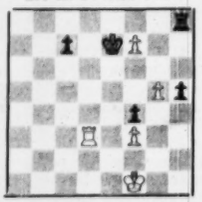
In this week's competition **B** is an instructive end-game study, not too difficult for 6 ladder-points if I add the useful hint that in the main variation it takes White 11 moves to win. **C** is also a win for White and should be hardly a bargain for 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by February 20.

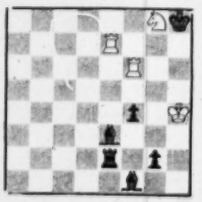
A: A. Rubinstein 1907



B: L. Prokes 1955



C: A. O. Herbstmann 1936



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 328. Set January 14.

A: (1) Kt-Kt6, Kt-R2, (2) R x B!, P x R, (3) Q x R ch!, Q x Q, (4) B x P mate.
B: (1) K-Kt4, P-K6, (2) R-R3, P-K7, (3) R-R1, R-B8, (4) R-R2, etc.
if (3) . . . K-Kt7, (4) R-K1, etc.
C: (1) Kt-B2 ch, K-R7, (2) Kt-Kt 4 ch, K-R8, (3) Q-QR2 ch!, P x Q, (4) Kt-B6!, followed by Kt-Q4 and mate.
if (1) . . . B x Kt, (2) Q-QKt8, B-Kt8, (3) Q x P, etc.
if (2) . . . K-R6, (3) Kt-Q3!, B x Kt, (4) Q-Q6 ch, etc.

A large entry and many correct (or near-correct) solutions. Prizes shared by J. C. Cock, A. E. Harris, C. G. Hilton, C. Sansom, M. Tuchner. In the 24th ladder decade 1st, 2nd and 4th are A. J. Roycroft (861 points), E. A. Barclay-Smith (797) and M. Kaye (756), all of whom were among the 19th dec. winners in February 1955. 3rd is W. T. Maccall (761) who started from scratch after the 17th dec. in July 1954.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

ESSEX. Friends School, Saffron Walden. Co-educational Boarding School. Applications are invited for two music posts in September. (1) Violin teacher able also to take main responsibility for two orchestras. (2) 'Cello teacher to assist also with piano. The school has a strongly developed musical tradition and both posts offer considerable scope. Resident preferred. Burnham Scale and Government Superannuation Scheme. Applications to the Headmaster as soon as possible.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited from men and women for the post of Deputy Advisory Officer for Music. Qualifications and any teaching experience should be stated as well as practical experience, especially of orchestral work. The main task of the person appointed, who will be part of a team of advisory officers for Art, Drama, Music and Crafts, will be to stimulate an interest in music, particularly music-making, among adults and young people. There will also be some work in schools. Salary Grade I Soulbury Report (at present £775 × £25—£915 per annum (Men)) plus £100 special allowance. Post pensionable. Applications (no forms) with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement to Director of Education, Grey Friars, Leicester.

LEICESTER No. 3 and No. 4 Hospital Management Committees. The Towers, Carlton Hayes and Glenfrith Hospitals. The Joint Management Committees propose to set up an Area Psychological Service covering the work required at the Towers (Mental), Carlton Hayes (Mental) and the Glenfrith (Mental Deficiency) Hospitals. As a commencement, the following appointments will be made for which applications are invited: (a) Senior Psychologist (in charge); (b) Psychologist (in training). Applicants must be suitably qualified and have had the requisite clinical experience. The duties will embrace both in-patient and out-patient work. Salaries will be in accordance with the scales laid down by the appropriate Whitley Council. The posts will be subject to the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations and successful candidates will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications stating age and previous experience together with names of two refs. should be forwarded to Group Secretary, The Towers Hospital, Leicester, as soon as possible.

INTERESTING vacancy open for woman laboratory assistant at the National Institute for Medical Research, The Ridgeway, Mill Hill, N.W.7. Good general education. Previous laboratory, secretarial or computing experience helpful, but willingness to learn more important. Permanent superannuated post after probationary period. Apply in writing to Personnel Officer at above address. (Quote ref.: AD/6.)

FABIAN Society reqs. person in its membership department. Clerical experience and typing essentl., might suit older woman. £6 12s. 6d. p.w. plus increments, 5-day week, 4 weeks paid holiday. Apply in writing to General Sec., 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CHILDREN'S Service—Res. female Warden (£540—£641 5s.) and Deputy Warden (£486—£553 10s.) req'd. at 30 Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, and Res. female Warden (£486—£553 10s.) and Assistant Warden (Housemother, Class III) (£411 15s.—£479 5s.) req'd. at "Westlea," 6 Dartmouth Park Ave., N.W.5. (after-care hostels accom. 21 and 10 girls respectively, aged 15-18). Genuine interest in and expce. of work with adolescent girls and ability to control them; domestic expce. and ability to organise elementary housecraft instruction essential. Approved qualifcn. (e.g., Diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership, H.O. Res. Child Care Cert.) an advantage. Deduction of £109 10s. p.a. for board, lodging, etc., made in each case. Applic. form and details (please state post(s) in which interested) from Children's Officer (CH/G3/89), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, London, S.W.17. Principal, Miss C. Fletcher, B.A. Applications invited for appointment to Council's service and assignment to this college in September next, earlier if possible, as lecturer in Education; thorough insight into the psychological and educational needs of pupils 11-16 and good experience in teaching this age-range required. Good qualifications desirable. Pelham scale salary. Application forms obtainable from Principal to whom they should be returned by Feb. 27.

YOUTH club leader, experienced, required for full-time post in Kensington. Mixed youth club with children's clubs. Salary £400—£450, with pension scheme. Apply with details of qualifications to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, N.W.8.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Gerrards Cross Memorial Centre. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Warden of the above Centre which is controlled by the Gerrards Cross Community Association. The salary scale for suitably qualified persons will be the Burnham Further Education Scale, Grade A. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks, to whom applics. must be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

Y.M.C.A.s have vacancies for Assistant Secretaries, Physical Directors and Wardens of Centres for H.M.F. First essentials—sense of Christian vocation, good general education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Appointments suitable for men 21 to 30 years. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

LONDON County Council requires several assistant home help organisers for duty in first instance in Central and North-East London, energy and ability to manage staff required. Expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £472 10s. × £33 15s.—£607 10s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Applicn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 4, Drysdale Street, N.1. Closing date March 1.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist, £6 12s. 6d. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks paid holiday. Interesting work. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS—cont. on p. 166

Company Meeting

RICHARD THOMAS & BALDWINS, LIMITED

(Iron, Steel, Sheet & Tinplate Manufacturers)

REORGANISATION IN PREPARATION FOR DENATIONALISATION

INCREASED PROFIT: STRONG POSITION

PROBLEM OF MEETING INCREASING DEMANDS

SIR ERNEST LEVER'S STATEMENT

The Annual General meeting of Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd., will be held on March 1 at 47, Park Street, London, W.1.

The following is the Statement by the Chairman, SIR ERNEST LEVER, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to October 1, 1955:—

REORGANISATION OF COMPANY

During recent months the outstanding event in the affairs of the company has been the reconstitution of its Board in preparation for the return of the company to private ownership.

The Iron and Steel Holding and Realisation Agency announced this in October in the following terms:—

"At the time of nationalisation there were cross holdings between Richard Thomas & Baldwins, the Steel Company of Wales and Guest Keen Baldwins. In October, 1952, these were eliminated by the transfer of all shares in each Company directly to the Iron and Steel Corporation of Great Britain; and it was part of the arrangement then made that the membership of the Boards of Richard Thomas & Baldwins and the Steel Company of Wales should be broadly identical. In May, 1954, the Iron and Steel Holding and Realisation Agency restored Guest Keen Baldwins (now Guest Keen Iron and Steel) to private ownership.

"In considering the preliminary steps which would have to be taken for the restoration to private ownership in due course of Richard Thomas & Baldwins and the Steel Company of Wales as separate entities, the Agency, in agreement with the Chairman and Directors, have reached the conclusion that the identity between the Boards of the two Companies should no longer continue."

Richard Thomas & Baldwins was the principal founder company of the Steel Company of Wales and it was part of the official arrangement when the interlocking shareholdings were eliminated in 1952 that, in addition to the broad identity of the Boards of Directors, the two Companies should work closely together as one group.

A large measure of integration was accordingly carried into effect between the two Companies, which found its main expression in the creation of a Management Board to co-ordinate the administration of the two companies, and of the joint selling organisations—RTSC Home Sales Ltd., and RTSC Exports Ltd. As the results of both companies show, these measures were outstandingly successful.

The Management Board has now been dissolved as a matter of course. So far as sales are concerned, the Steel Company of Wales has decided to set up its own selling organisation, and in consequence steps are being taken to bring to an end the joint selling arrangements.

We ourselves are actively making the necessary adjustments to conform to these changes in policy and operation.

In the sales field Richard Thomas & Baldwins is exceptionally strong in experience, in organisation and in goodwill, built up over long years throughout the world.

FINANCIAL RESULTS

As will be seen from the accounts, the profit for the year, before taxation, is £10,021,435, an increase of £1,849,448 over the figure for the previous financial year. It is true that these figures include certain profits of a fortuitous nature which cannot be relied upon to continue indefinitely, such as premiums on exports, but even so the results can be regarded as very satisfactory.

As in the case of other iron and steel companies, the maximum home trade prices at which we are allowed to sell our products are fixed by the Iron and Steel Board. Our principal means of influencing profits is to ensure that our costs are lower than those of our competitors—a healthy challenge to our efficiency which we have every confidence that we can meet with success.

On the other hand it must be appreciated that in a company as long established as ours, there is a good deal of out-of-date plant which will sooner or later have to be replaced or scrapped, so that considerable capital expenditure will have to be envisaged as the years go by if we are to maintain our competitive position.

Fortunately, our general financial position is very strong. The out-of-date plant has been written down to a nominal figure in our books, and for all practical purposes we have no loan capital. The small amount of debentures outstanding is more than balanced by the large cash sum at the bank or on loan to the Agency, and will, in any case, be repaid by 1961 by the operation of the sinking fund.

It is worth noting in this connection that over the past five-and-a-half years expenditure on Capital account together with the increase in working capital has amounted to over £27,000,000 and the whole of this sum has been found from the accumulating resources of the Company.

Among the developments which illustrate the forward-looking spirit of the Company may be mentioned the new 5-stand continuous mill which has just started operation at Ebbw Vale, and the £2,000,000 extension to our Cookley works in the Midlands to meet the increasing demand by the electrical industry for cold-reduced grain-oriented silicon steel sheets.

ANALYSIS OF INCOME

The following is an analysis of the income of the past trading year showing the disposal of each £1 of gross income:—

Out of each 20s of gross income we expended on:

	s	d
Raw materials and materials for maintenance work	11	10
Wages, salaries and remuneration generally	3	8
Miscellaneous Expenses	1	4
Taxation	1	2
Depreciation		6
Retained in the business	1	3
Dividends, net		3
	20	0

FUTURE PROSPECTS OF DEVELOPMENTS

At the moment there is a complete sellers' market so far as our main products are concerned. Indeed, the gap between supply and demand has been so great that appreciable tonnages of both sheet and tinplates have had to be imported.

Given that world peace can be maintained, that inflation can be kept within bounds, and that there is no major economic recession, all the indications are that the demands for our products will increase rather than diminish, and we are faced, therefore, with the problem of how best to increase manufacturing capacity to meet these demands. Your Board are conscious of their responsibility in this matter, and for some time we have been giving urgent and earnest consideration to our long-term policy.

Long-term policy decisions, however, must not be taken hurriedly. The size and complexity of the plant and equipment necessary to produce sheets, tinplates and other flat rolled products economically under modern conditions, mean that any major development is very costly and takes several years to complete, so that plans have to be based on estimates of demand, not of next month or next year, but of several years ahead. Just what form our developments will take it is premature to say, but fortunately we are well equipped to undertake any project that may be decided upon.

EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG POSITION

We are in an exceptionally strong position in every respect. Quite apart from our financial position, we have the advantage of a team of highly skilled, experienced managers, technicians and operatives. I am happy to say, and I regard it as most important, that the team spirit and the high quality and tradition of good personal relations which exist at every level throughout the Company, are outstanding factors in our continuing success.

To ensure the maintenance of the highest standards of efficiency we have instituted training schemes for management, apprentices and operatives, and for many years we have been paying particular attention to such relevant matters as accident prevention and medical services.

PERSONAL

Once again, we are very greatly indebted to the management, staff and workpeople for all they have done to ensure the continuing prosperity of the Company, and I take this opportunity of recording the sincere appreciation of the Directors of the loyalty and devotion to duty of all concerned.

Finally, I welcome to the Board our new Deputy Chairman, Mr. G. H. Latham, and our new Directors, Mr. E. O. Faulkner, Mr. R. T. Pemberton and the Hon. C. A. U. Rhys. Mr. Latham's life-long practical knowledge of the steel trade and the experience he has already had of this Company, will, I am confident, prove of the utmost value to us, and the wide experience of our new Directors in many fields cannot fail to be of great benefit to the Company.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT
continued from page 164

STATISTICIANS in The Home Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 3 pensionable posts of Statistician (Main Grade) 1 in Central Statistical Office, and 2 in the Board of Trade. Age at least 28 on January, 1956. Candidates must normally have a 1st or 2nd Class honours degree in statistics, or in mathematics, economics, or other appropriate main subjects combined with statistics. They are expected to have had wide statistical experience. Salary for 45½-hour week in London: Men £1,344-£1,685; Women £1,247-£1,545 but being improved under equal pay scheme. Starting salary above the minimum in exceptional cases. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 4548/56. Completed application forms must be returned by Feb. 23.

LONDON County Council, Sedgehill Secondary School, Sedgehill Road, Lewisham, S.E.6. Headmaster or headmistress required for new secondary school for boys and girls with 13 form entry, opening September, 1957, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1956. Head teacher allowance (1954 Burnham Report) expected to be approximately £960 (headmaster) or £845 (headmistress) making total maximum salary including other appropriate Burnham allowances (but excluding equal pay additions) about £1,850 (headmaster) or £1,575 (headmistress). Courses will include some leading to G.C.E. (all levels) and some in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress with substantial special allowance, adequate provision for other special allowance posts, and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person with high academic qualifications, organising ability and strong interest in whole field of secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Sedgehill) obtainable from The Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since December, 1954 and have nothing to alter.) Closing date February 25. (248.)

L.C.C. Children's Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment to two positions of Inspector of Child Care. Each person appointed will be required to advise a District Children's Committee on all questions of child care, including advising on the development of preventive and rehabilitation work, field work in the areas comprising the district and maintenance of constant high standards of child welfare in children's homes and nurseries. An extensive knowledge of aims and methods of Child Guidance or similar services essential; also ability to suggest methods of dealing with children presenting behaviour problems, including delinquents. Practical experience of work in residential establishments for children and ability to advise on games and leisure-time activities an advantage. Salary scale £965 5s. by £47 5s. to £1,296. Application forms s.a.e (foolscap) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1 and returnable by Feb. 18. Canvassing disqualifies.

ORGANISING Secretary required in April for North Kensington Community Association. Experience with young people desirable. Salary £500 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £600 p.a., with self-contained flat. Apply in writing by Feb. 18, stating age and experience, and giving names of three references, to Mrs. Stocks, Aubrey Lodge, Aubrey Rd., W.8.

H.M. PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors Class II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for two pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on January 1, 1956. Candidates must have had a sound general education and be able to fill a position of responsibility. They must have a genuine interest in reformative work with adolescents or adults. Starting salary (London) £508 at age 25 or under up to £640 at age 30 or over. Maximum £815. Somewhat less in the provinces. Free unfurnished accommodation provided or allowance in lieu. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 166/56. Completed applications to be returned by February 16, 1956.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of (second) psychiatric Social Worker. The Hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Service. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ARE you interested in people? Are you a woman between the ages of 25 & 45? Able to spare 2-3 days a week to interview the public? Are you willing to be trained to be a competent, well-paid Market Researcher? You are? Then write to Market Research, Box 2657 (New Statesman), for a personal interview.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich Education Committee. Appointment of Full-Time Warden. Applications are invited for this appointment in a Community Centre which is to be developed in the Town in the immediate future. Salary equivalent to Grade A.P.T. III, at present £640 to £765 for a candidate with suitable qualifications, or equivalent to A.P.T. II, at present £595 to £675 for an experienced candidate without qualifications. National Scheme of Conditions of Service for Local Authorities' Staffs will apply. Full details of the post, together with forms of application, may be obtained from the undersigned and should be returned by February 22, 1956. J. H. Turner, Director of Education. Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

CHILD Welfare. London County Council requires qualified and experienced Child Welfare Officers for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary £573 15s. rising to £742 10s. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption supervision, after care and other field work associated with deprived children. Full details and application form (s.a.e., f'scap) from Children's Officer, C.H./E.1, County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date Feb. 20. (111).

THE Committee for the Welfare of Colonial Workers in Bristol invite applications for 3-year experimental appointment of an officer for research and welfare work among the city's coloured population. Experience of social research essential; qualifications in social science and knowledge of West Indies an advantage. Only mature persons, with skill in human relations and knowledge of social services, need apply. Starting salary £600. Full particulars from Secretary, Bristol Council of Social Service (Inc.), by whom applications in writing must be received not later than February 21, 1956.

TEACHERS for British Columbia. The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September, 1956. Applicants should be under the age of 45 years, must hold a recognised university degree and have completed a formal course of teacher training or hold a diploma in Education. Those interested should write immediately to Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent General, B.C. House, 1-3 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative, who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia, will be arranged in February and March for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Visitor. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for a post as Children's Visitor on the salary scale Grade A.P.T. II (at present £615-£695, which includes a temporary excess rate of £20 per annum). Further details of salary scales, duties, conditions of service, etc., may be obtained from: Children's Officer, 102, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications, February 20, 1956.

MARKET Research deptmnt. large London Advertising Agency has vacancy for a research executive with previous agency experience. The position advertised offers scope for initiative in cheerful & progressive atmosphere. Pension fund, etc. Apply with full partics. of education & experience to Box 2329.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Training provided. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Children's allowance. Further details from the Sec., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

ORGANISING Secretary to initiate new Y.W.C.A. work on Merseyside. Tact, experience and creative ability essential. Apply Personnel Sec., 108 Baker Street, W.1.

S.R.N. (Female) required for medical and welfare duties in busy Personnel Department of food factory in East London. Must be energetic and adaptable. Please apply stating age, education and giving full details of training and previous positions held to Box 2245.

SECRETARY, fluent Italian, French for very interesting post. £600 p.a. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. WEL. 4559.

ABROAD. First-class Secretary (woman), with fluent Italian for interesting position with well-known firm of chemical manufacturers in Rome. Excellent salary. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

TRAVEL Agency has vacancy for permanent Shorthand Typist. Hours 9.30-5.30. Saturday morning work required in summer. Starting salary £8 and certain travel allowances for holidays abroad. Please reply stating age and full partics. to Box 2784.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist for Zionist Women's Organisation; must be reliable, ability to work on own initiative an advantage. Please apply: MEAdway 1628.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

YOUNG shorthand typist, interested theatre, required. Box 2578.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Arabic typists with reasonably good knowledge classical Arabic, for accurate and fast dictation typing. Salary according to qualifications in grade with max. £8 16s. p.w. plus 10s. language allowance. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week.

SHORTHAND & Copy Typists (Senior & Junior) required. Salary according to age and experience. Full particulars in writing to Secretary, Central Council for the Care of Cripples, 34 Eccleston Sq., S.W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 4s. rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 2671.

SHORTHAND-typist reqd. in publishers' office. Experience book production and editorial work an advantage. Pleas. office, no Sats., interesting work. Salary according to exper. Apply Production Office at Phœnix House, Ltd., 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat has some unusually interesting Secretarial posts for educated young women. 2 Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus, E.C.2., and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council require Shorthand Typist. Commencing salary £6 p.w. Written applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

MATRONS, Housekeepers, Cooks, Secs., Shorthand-typists, Clerks, etc., wanted for schools, colleges, associations, settlements, other institutions. Irene Forster, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TER. 8566.

HELP wanted (male) to look after mentally retarded man aged 50, affectionate disposition. Duties allow time for own interests. Suit writer or student. Wilson, 80 Widney Manor Road, Solihull, Warwicks.

COOK Supervisor & Pastry Cook required for Holiday School (150) on coast, August month. Good wages & conditions. Box 2643.

RESIDENT housekeeper-companion reqd. for old lady & gentleman retired artists. Gr. fl. flat W.8, lge. gdn., no cleaning. Miss Powell, BAY. 5503 bef. 9 a.m.

FRIENDLY person expd. children who enjoys ckg., to look after 7-yr. schoolgirl, Kensington, centrally htd. flat; busy prof. cple. Some domest. duties. Daily help kept. 154 Oakwood Ct., W.14. WES. 1220.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LINGUIST visits his clients anywhere to write/dictate translns. Gen. & science. Most Europ. langs. 1gn. per hr. plus milage, or by arrangement. Will also abstract, research, edit., interpret, teach. Box 2598.

YOUNG woman, secretary, M.A.Hons., expensively trained and experienced, seeks employment with congenial people. Box 2728.

MALE, 27, Public School, engineering works and office, foreign sales, diverse social welfare exp., etc., knowl. German, French, anxiously reqs. International Humanitarian/Cultural work which entails travelling abroad. Suggestions welc. Box 2559.

YNG. Frenchman sks. post Lond. Williams, 22, Rue du Sommerand, Paris, 5.

B.Sc.(Econ.) (2nd Govt.), 24, sks. intg. non-commercial post (admin., educ., organising, etc.). Ex-N.S. officer. Box 2522.

EDUCATED woman, excellent cook, willing prepare one meal daily, shop, companion or read. Box 2697.

PUBLIC speaker, political commentator, export/home sales manager, languages, seeks progressive post. Box 2649.

MAN, 46 (naturalised British), excellent references, singing and Italian/German lessons, exper. attending patients, invalids. Other jobs considered. Box 2876.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

WHEN hunting for a way to brighten up a cold meal try a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2. 'Phones SHOreditch 3889/6046.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, centrally heated rooms, tasteful atmosphere. Full January, booking now for February & Spring. 7½ and 8gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

CONVALESCENCE, rest or winter holiday? All desiring real warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst, the small, friendly hotel. A lovely home in "Britain's Best Climate" (mild, no fogs). Twin-bedded 4½/6½gns.; Singles, 5½gns. up, incl. full board, early tea, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. thrghout). No gratuities. Convalescents welcome, bkfst. in bed (nominal charge). Fresh fruit dly. Vegetarian if desired. Facing sth., opp. covrd. walk, nr. warm Sun-Lnge. Illus. brochures. Recommended by readers. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea Front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7½-8gns. Summer 9-11gns.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 5½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

SUSSEX. 12 m. Eastbourne. Charm. guest hse. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. Fr. 6gns. Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads for happy holidays. Surrounded by lovely Lakeland scenery. Gd. food. Brochure. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House, h. & c. every bedrm. Interior sprung mattresses. C. htg.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved, licensed. A well-liked holiday hotel. Re-opening March 24.

HOLIDAYS glorious Devon. Woolacombe. 3 miles golden sands. Furnished bungalows to let, also good-class board residence adjg. beach. Bathing from house. Ideal surf riding. Mrs. M. Garness, Sea View. Tel. 44.

DEVON. Guest hse, 3 acres grnds. Peaceful yet centl. Packed lunches. Own prod. Fr. 5gns. Hayman, Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

FARMHOUSE. Central Cornwall, 3 miles Perranporth. B. & b., mod. con., weekly terms. Holiday Farm Cottage, furnished. Parker, Callestick Farm, Truro.

WEST Bay, Dorset. 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfast., 6gns. Bridport 311911. Box 2581.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Easter.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & C. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

SWITZERLAND, Montreux. Spend winter in sunshine and comfort. Pension from Frs. 16. Particulars: Hotel Régina.

MAJORCA, Soller. Hotel Costa Brava offers ideal Winter & Summer holiday conditions. Perfect sailing & swimming from private beach. Excel. French cuisine, 30 priv. bathrooms, cen. htg., from 6gns. wk.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illus. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

SPAIN. Costa Brava. Advertiser having extra room offers accommodation in beautiful modern villa from June to October. Tiny fishing village on bay. Unique for all sea sports. Bath, Garage, Cuisine de Gourmet. Box 2599.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

S/C. furn. suite of large sunny divan-sitting room & well-equipped kit. in warm Victorian residence, stone's throw Kew Gardens & transport. With service, baths & 'phone. 3½gns. Box 2847.

THREE untidy bachelors need a good inexpensive flat, pref. S.W., with uninhibited landlady. Box 2674.

COUPLE—one health visitor, seeks s/c furnished flat beg. March. N. London. Willing assist with children. Box 2621.

ADVERTISER will pay cons. sum tenancy unf. flat. Baker & Co. LAN. 0132.

UNFURN. cottage, garden, rent or buy, up to 50 miles London. Box 2622.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

UGLY convenient 10-roomed house, Muswell Hill, fitted as two/three flats. Sound condition, rural view. 100% mortgage may be available. £2,650. Box 2723.

PERSONAL

FATHER (23) and son (2) seek home where latter can be cared for during day. Box 2897.

ATTRAC. bedroom, warm, happy home offd. Meals provided. Reduced charge if prepared schoolboy "sit" occasionally. FIN. 0371.

INTELLIGENT 15-yr.-old girl urgently requires holiday foster-home in Home Counties with sympathetic, understanding people who are prepared to help her overcome behaviour difficulties due to unsettled early childhood. Full particulars from the Children's Officer, Middesex County Council, 10 Great George Street, London, S.W.1.

AU Pair post London or Oxford required by Dutch student (f.). Box 2872.

FRENCH girls sk. posts in English families. Domesticated, can look after children, cook, etc. S.I.E., 22 Farndon Rd., Oxford.

MALE architect (25) seeks congenial driver companion (m.) for tour Italy-Greece-Yugoslavia. April-June. Share expenses (low as possible). Box 2776.

MENTON. French Riviera. Beautiful Villa on heights overlooking sea in secluded tropical surroundings, available for long or short let. Equipped with Cooker, Electric Light, water and sanitation, Kitchen, Lounge, 4 Bedrooms. Wonderful views, minutes from beach. Low rental. Box 2569.

WOMEN'S Press Club, 52 Carey St., welcomes new members from Press, Art, Letters. Prof. facilities, amenities, interesting activities. Apply The Secretary.

SKIS and clothing for sale. 9 shoe, 6ft tall. 15*gns.* 65 Baytree Road, S.W.2.

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Darkling Child." Mems.

UNITY: Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin): Music & Dances of the Philippines, under patronage of the Philippine Ambassador at his Embassy, 9a Palace Green, Kensington, W.8, on Sat., Feb. 11, at 5 p.m. Subsequent meetings on Egyptian and Arabic Music, Mar. 7: Music & Dances of Indonesia, Apr. 18. Also regular seminar & gramophone group meetings. Annual membership open to all 10s., for students 2s. 6d. Further inf. from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N.3. FIN. 2934.

MOZART Così Fan Tutte. Intro. by Edric Cundell. Illus. by mems. Sadler's Wells Opera Co. Opera Circle, Sun. Feb. 26, at 8 at 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics. Hon. Sec., 69, Kensington Court, W.8.

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ROXY Rep. Cinema, BAY. 2345, Feb. 12. C. Grant, Suspicion (A); El Bruto (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sat., Feb. 11, Ronald Colman in "A Tale of Two Cities" (A). 2, 4.20, 6.40. Open to public.

"ISLANDS in the Sun." The Club Méditerranée invites you to a film show at 7.30 on Wednesday, February 15, at The French Institute, South Kensington. Tickets (free) from Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8 (entrance Wrights Lane). WES. 1517.

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CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wednesdays at 5.45 (until March 7). Bach-Handel Concerts with Boyd Neel Orchestra, Thurston Dart and Ralph Downes. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, Feb. 19 at 3 p.m. Barylli Quartet. Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert. WATerloo 3191.

LONDON Choral Society. Royal Festival Hall, Sat. Feb. 25, at 8 p.m. Haydn: Passion (The Seven Last Words); Mozart: Clarinet Concerto & Vesperae de Dominica. Jennifer Vyvyan, Norma Procter, William Herbert, Kenneth Stevenson, Jack Brymer (clarinet), Hubert Dawkes (organ). Kalmar Chamber Orchestra. Cond.: John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Box Office (WAT. 3191).

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Feb. 18, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

NEW Music—Monday, February 20 at 7.30 p.m. in Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James' Square, S.W.1. Wilfred Brown, the MacGibbon String Quartet, in works by Philip Cannon, Arnold Van Wyk, etc.

SELA Trau, 'Cello, with Karel Janovicky Pianoforte. Wigmore Hall, Tuesday next, Feb. 14 at 7.30. Sonata in G major, Bach. Sonata in C major, Op. 102, Beethoven. Sonata, Op. 11, for 'Cello, Karel Janovicky. Adagio and Allegro in A major, Boccherini. Sonata No. 2, Martinu. Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso Saint-Saens. 3s., 6s., 9s., 12s. WEL. 2141, and Agents.

A.B.C. (Aid Blind Children in Jerusalem) Cttee. Recital by Raymond Cohen (Violin), Anthya Rael (Piano); Mozart, Debussy, Beethoven, Fauré, at London Musical Club, 21 Holland Park, W.11, Sun., Feb. 12, 8 p.m. 10s. 6d. from Club (PARk 7094).

EXHIBITIONS

TEN Years of British Architecture, '45-'55. An exhibition of photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 7, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fontanarosa—1st London Exhib. Until March 3. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by F. E. McWilliam till Mar. 9.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Fascimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Richard Eurich, R.A. Recent paintings by Louis James & Michael Wishart. Until Feb. 25. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Graham Sutherland: Gouaches & watercolours, 1939-51. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings.

THE Prospect Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Kyffin Williams. Feb. 1-Mar. 1.

EXHIBITION of books on Physical & Technical Sciences from many countries. Open until Feb. 29 at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. Wkdys. 11 to 6 p.m. Sats. to 4 p.m.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. The New Vision Group (2nd part). Jan. 29-March 3.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Paintings by Vanessa Bell.

TATE Gallery. Modern Art in the United States. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free. Closes Feb. 12.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum. Anglo-Jewish Art & History 1656-1956. Dly. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. Until Feb. 29. 1s., Sat. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55). 10.30-6: Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Edward Middleditch. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

S.E.A. Pictures for Schools Exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, E.1. Daily, except Mondays, 11-6. Sundays 2-6. February 11 to March 4.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Drawings by Nigel Lambourne. 10-6 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Mon., Feb. 13, 8. Lecture-recital on Coleman Hawkins by Charles Fox and Raymond Horricks. Chair: Vic Bellerby. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Tues. 14, 8.15. 3rd lecture in series on Validation of Modern Psychology entitled "The Scientific Study of Personality," by Prof. H. J. Eysenck. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s., Thurs. 16, 8.15. 3rd in series of lectures on Aspects of Communications entitled "Communication & Notions of Correct English," by Dr. Randolph Quirk. Chair: J. F. Warburg. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Mem'ship inv.

"ISRAEL'S Demographic Problems." Speaker: H.E. The Ambassador of Israel. On Tuesday, February 14, at 8 p.m., at the Royal Society of Arts, 8 John Adam St., W.C.2. Chairman: Mr. S. S. Hammersley. Admission free. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

RACIAL Unity: Univ. Extension Lectures "Race Relations in S. and S.E. Asia," by Dr. H. R. Tinker, M.A., Ph.D., 7.30 p.m. alternate Mondays, 32 Tavistock Sq., Feb. 13: "Effects of European Intervention."

"REALISM & Humanism." Discn. arr. by Communist Party Artists' Group, Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m., Fri., Feb. 17. 1s. 6d.

"PEACE & The Professions": Lectures Thursday evngs. 8. (Doors open 7.30.) Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Adm. 1s. at door. Ausp. Jt. Council Arts & Sciences for Peace. Feb. 16: John Alexander (Secy. Film Panel, A.W.P.A.): "Films for Peace or War?" Mar. 1: John Berger: "Fernand Leger." Mar. 15: Symposium: "Music in Social Life." Dets. from Sec., 37 Newton Rd., W.2.

EDUCATIONAL Theory in the U.S.S.R. Prof. N. A. Petrov, Dir. U.S.S.R. Inst. Research into Theory & Hist. of Educn. Mrs. A. T. Vlasova: "Handicapped Children." Mr. A. V. Zaporoznets: "Child & Educl. Psychology." Chair., Prof. J. Lauwerys. Questions. Fri., Feb. 17, 7.45. College of Preceptors, 2/3 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & Studs. 1s. 6d.)

SOVIET Educationists. Question & Answer Meeting. Tues., Feb. 14, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. (Mems. & Students 1s. 6d.) S.C.R. 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30 p.m., Feb. 16 & 23, Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Suns. 5 p.m. at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10, for mems. & friends. Meditation & Discourse.

"WORLD Faiths Through the Eye of Psychotherapy," by Oscar Köllerström, 8 p.m., Tues., Feb. 14. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

PLEASE note: World Socialist Movement now meets at The Globe, Bow St. Next Feb. 14, 7.30: Attitude to Africa.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENT. London Fabian Soc. "France after the Elections": Dorothy Pickles. Wed. Feb. 15, 7.30, College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Vis. welc. 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. Feb. 18, Dr. V. Fry: Heinrich Heine. Zu seinem 100 Todestag.

MRS. Seeley: "Making Relationships Work." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 42a Westbere Rd., N.W.2. Sat. Feb. 11 at 2.45.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1, Wed., Feb. 15, 6.30. Public Lecture, "The Middle Way in Daily Life." M.O'C. Walshe, M.A. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. Information: EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56. A new series of four Beginners' Classes (open to all) begins on Thur., Feb. 16 at 6.30. Learn how Buddhism can help you.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11 (PARk 7379), Fri. Feb. 10, 8 p.m. John Fernald (Principal, R.A.D.A.), "Contemporary Russian Theatre." Chair: Miles Malleson. Fri. Feb. 17, 8 p.m. Madame Rambert, "Before and After Diaghilev."

DEMOCRACY in our Working Lives—Why Not? Winifred Raphael at the Caxton Hall (Kent Rm.), Feb. 14, at 7 p.m. Chair: R. S. W. Pollard, Progressive League.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7.15 p.m. Mrs. Nina Spiller, "World Conference of Women in Ceylon—Their Programme for the Future." Adm. free. Collection.

CEDRIC Dover, "Racialism and Peace." Feb. 12, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. Free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

ASPECTS of Yoga Talks ev. Sat. 2.30, Feb. 18, "The Practice of Yoga." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, Feb. 12, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham, "The Modern Use of God."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LECTURES COURSES, ETC.—continued

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